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EDITORIAL

THE WORST-MAN SCENARIO

President Reagan's strategic initiative in this quadrennium for his "second American Revolution" calls for the infiltration of ideologically trained sappers and politically pure cadre into the top level of key Federal agencies. In that category, no department is more sensitive than Justice, which Reagan treats like a Ministry of Social Control rather than a dispenser of social justice. After a bloody battle, Edwin Meese 3d—Reagan's Robespierre—was installed at its head as Attorney General. Then along came William Bradford Reynolds.

Reynolds had already accumulated "good time" as the oxymoronic Assistant Attorney General for Civil Rights, which is to say he was in charge of denying civil rights to those struggling to secure them, and of dismantling the apparatus previous Administrations had built to facilitate the redress of grievances regarding discrimination. He organized the legal team that sought a tax exemption for Bob Jones University, which practices prejudice against blacks. He opposed court-ordered school desegregation plans, refused to support the victims of voting discrimination, sought to abolish even voluntary goals for equal employment for women and minorities and dragged his division's feet on housing discrimination cases to the point of paralysis.

Naturally, Reagan sought to promote this paragon, but Reynolds's appointment as Associate Attorney General—number three man in the department—ran up against opposition from civil rights organizations, liberal lawyers and moderate Republicans. In confirmation hearings, his testimony was filled with sophistries, errors and "faulty recollections." In fact, so slippery and deceptive was his performance that his confirmation was in jeopardy. Last week, the vote was postponed until June 27, so there's still time to keep Reagan's worst-man scenario from happening.

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GETTING THERE FROM HERE

ROAD MAP FOR THE PEACE MOVEMENT

MICHAEL T. KLARE

The peace movement is in deep trouble. The strategies and concepts that inspired millions of Americans to vote for freeze resolutions and attend antinuclear rallies no longer generate a thunderous response. The President has neutralized some of his domestic opposition by agreeing to arms control talks with the Russians and by toning down his anti-Soviet rhetoric. And while resistance to intervention in Central America has increased significantly, it has not prevented the Administration from escalating U.S. military involvement in the region. Some reassessment of strategy is therefore essential if the movement is to counter the Administration's increasing militarism.

This essay represents an attempt to outline an interim strategy for the peace movement. It is not intended as a call for specific legislative or protest activity, nor is it a full-blown blueprint for disarmament. Rather, it is a plan for peace action and education through the end of the decade. I have drawn on conversations with a great many people at peace conferences, rallies and demonstrations across the country; the ideas presented here represent my distillations of their views. I hope that these ideas will be discussed, evaluated and revised by others, bringing us closer to a consensus on basic strategic principles.

The American peace movement has made great strides in the Reagan era, but it has also suffered significant setbacks. On the positive side, we can cite the extraordinary success of the freeze movement in mobilizing grass-roots public

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LETTERS.

ANOTHER PACK OF LIES

New York City

Paul Berman diminishes his review of Hugh Whitemore's play *Pack of Lies* ["Theater," March 23] with his unquestioning acceptance of the F.B.I.-Hoover-McCarthy myth of the Rosenbergs' guilt, decades after so many of the government's lies, exaggerations, frauds and "wholly reprehensible" misconduct have been exposed and documented. Blind faith in the government's charges was not uncommon during the Rosenberg-Sobell case, from the summer of 1950 to 1953, while America was warring against Communists in Korea, at the height of McCarthyism and before the F.B.I.'s COINTELPRO program came to light. But this is today, 1985!

Blinded by the heightened emotions and anticommunism of the times, most Americans failed to examine the finding of the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit, the only court that ever studied the record of the trial. That decision, in February 1952, exposed the lies and fraud that permeated the media for the nine months preceding the trial. The prosecution claimed to have "overwhelming," "incontrovertible" and "well-documented proof of guilt," "supported by confessions of the accused," "by over one hundred witnesses," including top scientists Oppenheimer, Urey and Kistiakowsky, and by chief security officer Gen. Leslie Groves. But all that failed to materialize. Ethel and Julius Rosenberg and Morton Sobell maintained their innocence to the very end, and the conviction rested on the uncorroborated testimony (used to purchase leniency and freedom) of one man, David Greenglass, supported by his wife, Ruth. As the appellate court put it, "Doubtless, if this [Greenglass] testimony be disregarded, the convictions could not stand." The court added that in the Federal judicial system, higher courts are not permitted to examine the question of credibility; that is for the jury alone to determine.

Thirty-four years of intensive research, including F.B.I. files released under the Freedom of Information Act, effectively point to total innocence and confirm that the Rosenberg trial was a case of prosecution alchemy—the feat, without substance, of converting "communist views and beliefs" into "espionage." (In the same way, the government justified the jailings of Communist Party leaders under the Smith Act, and the fulfillment of J. Edgar Hoover's dream of rounding up and incarcerating 55,000 C.P. members and 500,000 "fellow travelers" and sympathizers.)

Berman cannot be blamed for Morris and Lona Cohen's excesses. Nevertheless, it is unfair of Berman to convict them in the pages of *The Nation* for involvement in the "Rosenberg conspiracy" when they were never indicted, convicted or confronted with any such charge except through an out-of-court, out-of-context F.B.I. allegation. Thus, thoughtlessly, is the myth of Rosenberg guilt fortified.

Aaron Katz
National Committee to Reopen the Rosenberg Case

BERMAN REPLIES

New York City

My views on the Rosenberg case appeared in the September 1983 issue of *Vanity Fair*. I wish those views were the same as Aaron Katz's. The world would be a simpler place if every instance of Soviet espionage were merely a giant frame-up by the F.B.I. Regarding the Cohens, I do not know if their espionage was somehow linked to that of the Rosenbergs or was merely parallel. My review didn't discuss this particular aspect of spy-case arcana.

Paul Berman

INJUSTICE DOWN ON THE FARM

Calexico, Calif.

Richard Steven Street's article concerning Gov. George Deukmejian's gutting of the California farm labor law will help people understand why the United Farm Workers has found it necessary to return to the use of the boycott ["It's Boycott Time in California," March 23]. Events in the Imperial Valley since the publication of Street's article have abolished farm workers' last hopes that they could find justice through the state's Agricultural Labor Relations Board.

In February, one hundred workers at Mario Saikhon Inc. were fired for having participated in a legally protected valley-wide work stoppage. The United Farm Workers immediately filed unfair-labor practice charges with the A.L.R.B. For weeks Tim Foote, the acting regional director of the board, promised the fired workers a decision on the charges. That promise was broken. Frustrated that no decision was forthcoming, the workers picketed the board's offices in El Centro and staged a sit-in. Three of them were placed under citizen's arrest by Foote. Several days later, Dave Stirling, Deukmejian's appointee as general counsel of the board, dismissed the charges against Saikhon. The board continues to pursue the criminal trespass charges against the farm workers for the sit-in.

The letter from Stirling dismissing the charges was notable for its omission of important facts concerning the case, as well as for its distortions, half-truths and outright lies. To add insult to injury to the fired workers, Stirling insinuated they had damaged Foote's house (a charge Foote has not made).

Under board regulations, the regional director, not the general counsel, initially rules on unfair-labor practice cases. Also, people or organizations who file charges that are then dismissed may seek review of the regional director's decision. Thus board regulations anticipate due process for farm workers. But the Saikhon workers were forced to ask Stirling to review his own action, something board regulations don't anticipate. Stirling claimed he had to take the action rather than Foote because the workers had been picketing and sitting in at the local board office. Apparently, First Amendment rights for farm workers is something he does not believe in.

A request for review was sent to Stirling. The union argued that the Saikhon workers would be denied due process if Stirling were to act on the request, and asked that he appoint someone else from his office to decide the matter. It also pointed out numerous factual and legal inaccuracies in Stirling's letter dismissing the charges. Saikhon has not contested the union's claim of factual or legal error.

Three weeks after the request was sent, Stirling responded. He said he does not believe that persons who file charges are entitled to due process if the charges are dismissed. He said he would not consider the request for review. Stirling did not contest the facts as outlined in the request. He did not claim that the union's legal analysis contained in the request was wrong. He simply declared the case closed.

The farm labor law, which was won through the strikes and boycotts of the 1960s and 1970s, is being sabotaged by the Governor and his administration. If the A.L.R.B. will not listen to farm workers, perhaps consumers will. There is one thing that growers understand—lost profits.

Chris Schneider
Legal Representative, U.F.W.

CORRECTIONS

Due to a misunderstanding during the checking process, David Lusterman was incorrectly identified in Elsa Dixler's June 8 article, "Rich Eccentrics, Red-Baiting and Jameson's Dog." He was director of publications for *democracy*.

Because of a copy editing error, Tony Kaye's "It's Waste as Usual at the Pentagon," June 15, incorrectly dated an interview of General Dynamics' chief executive officer, David Lewis, with *The St. Louis Post-Dispatch*. The interview took place in April 1985.

The Nation welcomes letters—typed, double spaced and no longer than 300 words, please. Letters may be edited for reasons of space.

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EDITORIALS.

Break the Cycle

There is no such thing as a simple act of terrorism, an unambiguous war or impartial diplomatic mediation. The hijacking of T.W.A. Flight 847, the fighting in Lebanon and the intercession of Nabih Berri are hardly isolated events but aspects of a dangerous and destructive dynamic. Their antecedents are complex and only dimly understood. And their consequences, still unseen and in many ways unintended, will plague the Middle East for years to come.

No rational apprehension of the desperate drama in Beirut (still in its early acts as we go to press) can be expected if the major actors are seen as utter innocents or unredeemable villains. There is enough blood and gall spilled daily in the region to fill a sea, and there is no honest test to show which horrible deed was cause and which response. The Shiite hijackers wreaked murder and violence on a planeload of unsuspecting passengers (the only true victims of the episode), but they clearly saw the hijacking as a guerrilla attack aimed at rescuing the 766 Shiite prisoners the Israeli Defense Forces rounded up at random on the way out of Lebanon and now hold inside Israel. Those prisoners are hostages, too, and their "kidnapping" across international boundaries has been cited by the U.S. government and con-

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demned by the International Red Cross and others.

But then the Israelis had good reason to fear the Shiites, who are not known for their respect of the conventions of combat. Nor is the Shiite militia Amal a paradigm of moderation and progressive political behavior. Berri's gunmen have been engaged in a bloodthirsty campaign of annihilation against Palestinian refugees in Lebanese camps. The Palestine Liberation Organization was instrumental in creating Amal a decade ago, but the rapidly shifting loyalties and mercurial alliances of Middle Eastern politics have pitted the creation against the creator, to horrible effect. Berri himself jumped into the current negotiations as a way to promote his position and extend his control after Amal failed in its final solution to the Palestinian problem in Lebanon.

The Reagan Administration was quick to seize on Berri's initiative, but whom the United States uses it can also abuse. The objective U.S.-P.L.O. alliance, with the Shiites as the enemy, is surely too bizarre to last the summer. At the same time that he was encouraging Berri's entrepreneurial mission, President Reagan began moving ships and planes close to Beirut for a possible assault on the sprawling shantytowns between the airport and the city center—"Shia Land," where the refugees driven north by Israel's brutal invasion of South Lebanon live in fear and anger, precisely the emotions that gave rise to the desperate acts of the hijackers.

Such an attack would undoubtedly play well in the American heartland; this is, after all, the season of *Rambo* and revenge, and the obliteration of an Arab slum or two would feed the hunger for retaliation that still corrodes the national stomach after the aborted banquets of Indochina and Iran. But revenge is not simple, either. Bombs do not stop hijackings, prevent terrorism or even win guerrilla wars—as the failed U.S. strategy in Vietnam attests.

Unable to fix the guilty parties in its gunsights, the Administration filled the skies over the eastern Mediterranean with cheap shots. The State Department found a target of opportunity in the Athens airport, and proceeded to harass Greece for allowing the hijacking to begin there. U.S. travelers are now advised to avoid Athens until such time as security is improved or, perhaps, a right-wing regime more to President Reagan's taste replaces the recently re-elected Socialist government of Andreas Papandreou.

Like it or not, there is no way out of the mess of murders and malevolence in the Middle East without negotiations, compromise and the voluntary suppression of national, ethnic and religious pride. Attempts at violent solutions invariably backfire. How much of the impetus for the hijacking can be attributed to the Shiites' thirst for revenge against the car bombers of Bir al-Abed in March, the C.I.A.-inspired operation by Lebanese forces that nearly put away Sheik Mohammed Hussein Fadlallah of the Party of God? And how much anger has been seething since the U.S. marines tilted toward the Phalangist government in the ill-fated peacekeeping mission two years ago and began shelling Arab villages in the hills beyond Beirut?

Despite President Reagan's authoritative-sounding claims, it is an untested notion that concessions to terrorists' demands encourages further acts of violence. Certainly the U.S. and Israeli policy of "never giving in to terrorists" has not resulted in the diminishing of these incidents in the last several years. The hard-line policy ignores the political circumstances that give rise to the acts, and it arbitrarily and invidiously distinguishes between their pitiless "terrorism" and our necessary "antipersonnel operations." Reagan rattled the rhetoric of indiscriminate retaliation in his press conference last week when he asserted that America was "under attack by international terrorism." That is a mythical beast; there is no ideological community of terrorists, only a disordered world of tribes, movements and nations who believe so fiercely in their rights that they would commit mayhem to secure them. To see it otherwise is to disregard the deeply felt issues that move people to violence, and that must be addressed if the violence is to be stopped.

Serving the Lord

According to reports in the press, Attorney General Edwin Meese 3d wants his old friend Herbert Ellingwood, chair of the Merit Systems Protection Board, to join him at the Justice Department. The job Ellingwood is reportedly in line for is Assistant Attorney General in charge of the Office of Legal Policy, which screens nominees for the Federal judiciary. Given his performance in his present post, Ellingwood can be expected to favor "true Christians."

As head of the Civil Service's top personnel court, Ellingwood is supposed to protect government employees from religious or political tests. Instead, he's brought right-wing Christians into public service. Last year he helped organize a campaign by the American Coalition for Traditional Values (ACTV) to recruit Christian fundamentalists. ACTV president Tim LaHaye, a San Diego evangelist, told *Federal Times* that the group's objective is to "flood the bureaucracy with Christians."

ACTV made its debut last summer at a White House reception hosted by President Reagan, who praised the organization's "potential to speak to the millions of committed Christians," and commended LaHaye, whose diatribes against Catholics and Jews are well known, for his "faithful patriotism."

The organization has a computer data bank stocked with the names of true believers. Administrative assistant Curtis Maynard explained that when Ellingwood learns of openings, he submits them to the coalition, which then comes up with likely prospects. Ellingwood "tells the applicants the right place to go," says Maynard. "He channels them." Because of his close ties to the Administration (he served under Reagan in California), when Ellingwood forwards a résumé, it gets more than routine attention. In 1982, for a post in the San Francisco office of the protection board, he endorsed Gretchen Thomas, whose husband gave Meese's wife a $15,000 interest-free loan in 1981. Thomas was treated as a "must hire."

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ACTV determines job applicants' fitness by inquiring about their views on a checklist of issues including abortion, pornography and the Equal Rights Amendment. No selective backsliding is permitted. "We want to be as broad as possible," Maynard told *Federal Times*, "but Scripture says, 'How can two people walk together unless they agree on fundamentals?' If you let down and let in people who say, 'I've looked at your ten moral concerns and I agree with four of them,' that's not good enough for us."

Because so many of those issues involve constitutional questions, ACTV is eager to get the "right" people on the Federal bench. If Ellingwood's appointment goes through, he would be well situated to advance that agenda.

DAVID L. KIRP

David L. Kirp is an associate editor of The Sacramento Bee *and a professor at the University of California, Berkeley.*

The United Strike

Airline pilots are not likely candidates for the vanguard of the working class. They make, on average, $80,000 a year, live in the fancier suburbs and have a reputation for crossing other unions' picket lines. But they and their union, the Air Line Pilots Association (ALPA), have won an important fight against United Airlines, and their victory could have the same kind of symbolic and educational value for the American labor movement that the PATCO debacle has had for management.

The ALPA victory is complicated. The settlement, reached last week, doesn't look clear-cut, particularly as portrayed in the national media. The union made some substantial concessions and was forced to conclude negotiations in a way that allowed company chair Richard Ferris to save face. But the details of the agreement should not obscure ALPA's success at turning back a major effort to destroy the union.

In the past four years, forcing unions to go on strike has become a key element in many companies' unionbusting strategies. Aided by experienced antiunion lawyers and public relations consultants, management provokes a strike with the intention of replacing the strikers. A P.R. firm churns out letters to the workers, alternately enticing and threatening them. Meanwhile, drawing on the large pool of unemployed workers, the company recruits and trains new employees. As the number of scabs grows, production gradually rises almost to pre-strike levels. The strikers panic and begin returning to work.

United followed this strategy and had every reason to expect success. Ferris announced his intention to replace strikers even before the strike began. His plan depended on 570 newly hired pilots, who completed their training just before the strike deadline. Ferris hoped those 570, along with the substantial number of ALPA members expected to cross the picket line, would be enough to enable the airline to keep 50 percent of its planes in the air. Building on that base, United would train more pilots and gradually entice more ALPA members to return to work until the union was in disarray.

By the second day, however, it was clear Ferris had miscalculated. More than 95 percent of United's 5,200 pilots struck, 566 of the rookie pilots refused to cross the picket line and 41 of the 140 management trainers refused to work with scabs. By the end of the first week, United had less than 14 percent of its flights in service, and over the next three weeks the proportion never went much higher.

ALPA's initial triumph resulted from as careful and comprehensive a system of strike preparation as the labor movement has seen in some time. Using its substantial financial resources, ALPA linked its members through teleconferences in nineteen cities. It approached each of the trainees individually. It sent videocassettes explaining the issues and the mechanics of striking to the homes of pilots and established an extensive network of telephone volunteers to keep them apprised on a daily basis. But it wasn't all the work of high technology. In a kind of pyramid scheme the union appointed 633 of its members and their spouses to keep other families informed; each couple was responsible for communicating with ten families.

By the third day of the strike Ferris was back at the bargaining table, and after a week the parties had reached an agreement on the main issue, a two-tier wage system under which new personnel will be paid below present scale. Although the plan the union agreed to would be a disaster for most unions, in the context of the airline industry and given United's all-out assault the overall settlement should be considered a tremendous success. Every other aspect of the contract was resolved, but negotiations broke down over how the company would treat the trainees, flight attendants and supervisors who had honored ALPA's picket line. Ferris wanted them punished and insisted that he would not negotiate with ALPA about management actions against nonmembers.

The strike continued for three more weeks, and in the end, ALPA and Ferris agreed to allow a Federal judge to decide most of the back-to-work issues. That left the fate of the trainees in limbo, and tarnishes somewhat ALPA's extraordinary internal solidarity, but it should not obscure the importance of ALPA's victory. If United had broken the union, the process of wage and power deterioration unions are experiencing would have greatly accelerated. The unionbusting consultants would have had a new scalp to advertise, and union members' confidence in the strike as their ultimate weapon would have been further undermined. ALPA's fortitude teaches that a well-prepared strike bolstered by a mix of new technology and 1930s-style small groups and family support networks can beat the unionbusters.

JACK METZGAR AND ANDREW BANKS

Jack Metzgar is editor of Labor Research Review, *the journal of the Midwest Center for Labor Research, in Chicago. Andrew Banks is a labor educator at Florida International University and a union consultant.*

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BEAT THE DEVIL.

Not So Fast

As the Amal militia launched its massacres in the Sabra and Shatila refugee camps in Beirut, I encountered surprising glee among some supporters of Israel, who seemed to be arguing that these Shiite attacks were somehow a vindication of Israel's behavior during its occupation of Beirut and a setback to Israel's critics. In *The New Republic*, Charles Krauthammer claimed that the Shiite attacks justified Israel's invasion of Lebanon, apparently on the ground that when it comes to Palestinians, the enemy of my enemy is my friend. I imagine that with the T.W.A. hijacking, Krauthammer will put this position back in the icebox for a while.

Amal's assault on the refugee camps, sponsored by Syria, is just as horrible as that of the Phalange, sponsored by Israel. In both cases religious fanatics—the former at the bottom of Lebanese society and the latter a privileged sect—acted out the desires of regional powers who want the crushing of what has been the only secular progressive force in the region, namely the Palestinians. The difference is that in the more recent attacks the Palestinians have been able to defend themselves.

Like all religious faiths, Shiite ideology is barbarous mumbo jumbo, but that doesn't mean one has to abdicate all sense of reason and proportion. The kidnapping and murder of innocent people in the T.W.A. plane is dreadful, but what about the 766 Shiites the hijackers want released from Israel, almost invariably described as terrorists in the U.S. press? Most of those people were farmers seized in South Lebanon by Israel during operation Iron Fist in April and hijacked over the border in an action that provoked a protest from the U.S. State Department as well as the International Red Cross. This was a deed just as violent as anything perpetrated on the T.W.A. plane, though it caused no indignation in the U.S. media. It did cause indignation among the Shiites, with consequences we have been witnessing. The C.I.A.-sponsored car bomb in West Beirut which killed at least eighty innocent persons in March attracted a good deal of indignation too.

Amid the Arabphobia rapidly building up, we should remember that ever since Israel carried out the first airplane hijacking in 1954, no ethnic or confessional group has had a monopoly on vile behavior.

The Old South

The Reagan Administration, by way of the F.B.I. and no less than three Federal attorneys in southwest Alabama, is now heating up its campaign of witch hunting and intimidation against civil rights activists in Alabama's Black Belt.

On June 17, Albert and Evelyn Turner, along with Spencer Hogue Jr., went on trial in Selma for voting fraud. So far there have been seven indictments, including Spiver Gordon, a board member of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference. Additional indictments of a dozen or more grass-roots black leaders are expected in what is clearly an attempt to crush the progressive black political movement that has been laboriously put together by activists like the Turners since the 1965 Voting Rights Act. The stakes are extremely high. Just to take one example, Senator Jeremiah Denton of Alabama sneaked to victory on Reagan's coattails in 1980 by 36,000 votes. In the Black Belt he lost to his Democratic opponent. The intimidation of activists and voters caused by the investigations and ongoing trials will probably improve his slim chance of re-election in 1986.

As a quick look at Congressional voting patterns will show, the South is still the core of reaction. In the recent turnaround on *contra* aid in the House, fifteen of the twenty-six Democrats who switched came from the South. Every single Democrat from Alabama, Mississippi and South Carolina supported aid to the *contras*, as did all but four from Florida, Georgia, Louisiana and Oklahoma, along with about two-thirds of the Texas Democrats. Not a single House Democrat from Massachusetts, Ohio, Michigan, Minnesota, Washington, Oregon and California, and just two from New York, supported the *contras*.

The backbone of resistance to the Administration was the Black Congressional Caucus. Jim Wright made a strong speech opposing *contra* aid, as did Robert Mrazek, who reminded his colleagues of the consequences of the overthrow of Allende in Chile and said:

> If you live in Nicaragua, if you happen to be a farmer on one of the agricultural cooperatives that is looked at as a military target by the *contras*. . . . If it's your child that has its legs blown off, you have one perspective. . . . If you are talking about it here in the sacred hall, it is another thing.

This didn't cut much ice with Tommy Robinson of Arkansas, who cried: "Daniel Ortega is a swine! He is a dictator! He is a Communist! . . . We lost in Vietnam because of our politicians, not our fighting men and women."

I wish the newspapers would print more of this stuff, the pulsing blood of democracy, as in the exchange between Henry Hyde and Mickey Leland:

> HYDE: Now the gentleman of the left, on this side of the aisle, reminds me of the husband who had a private detective follow his wife, and got his first report, and the detective said, "Well, I followed them into this motel, I peeked through the window; they embraced and then they turned out the lights." The husband says, "God, always this doubt, always this doubt." [laughter] It's tough for you to understand and to grasp the nettle, but these guys are Communists. They are Communists, and revolutionary truth is not truth as you define it, but it is truth as they define it, whatever helps the revolution.
>
> LELAND: Will the gentleman yield. . . . We embrace the People's Republic of China, the largest Communist nation in the world. We love them, do we not?
>
> HYDE: The gentleman embraces the People's Republic of China.
>
> LELAND: You ought to be ashamed, Henry. Shame on you, shame on you.
>
> HYDE: [pointing at Leland's red tie] Is that the gentleman's tie or has he had open-heart surgery?

Finally, Democrat Edward Boland stanched the flow *before* the final vote on the aid resolution with this

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ALEXANDER COCKBURN

heart-thumping finale of torrid eloquence: "Let me conclude by saying that it was a nice day, we lost, we may win again sometime. We will revisit this issue in the future." This is what the Democrats are all about these days.

The Age of Rambo

Pete Hamill tells me that by his tally, the body count in Sylvester Stallone's war porn *Rambo* is 398 to 2. Actually, the only good thing I ever heard about Stallone was that, unlike Rambo, he didn't go to Vietnam in the period following his eighteenth birthday, in 1967, but spent that period as a chaperone for girls in a fancy Swiss school. COMING SOON: *Rambo III*. He kills everyone in Lebanon, then heads for Managua.

Rolling Over to the Right

The collapse of the self-situating center in the face of assault from the right continues apace. The latest example is the capitulation of PBS to the demand of Reed Irvine's Accuracy in Media that the network air a conservative rebuttal to its series on the Vietnam War. PBS should have said that Irvine's rebuttal had already been expressed in *Rambo* and no further action was necessary.

The fault does not lie with Irvine, a mucky dog admittedly but one with a perfect right to get right-wing corporate funding and promote his point of view. It lies with the center and leftward end of the spectrum. If groups of liberals and leftists haven't the energy to organize pressure groups of their own, then they've no right to moan about Irvine.

In late March, NBC's *Today* show provided the noted right-wing agitator Terry Dolan with facilities to make and broadcast a profile of Mikhail Gorbachev as a response to a piece the network had done on Gorbachev. Both profiles were aired, and then Dolan and the reporter of the NBC profile slugged it out in a thirteen-minute segment. Soon after this, *Today* called Ralph Nader and suggested that he do a critique of one of the show's items. Nader proposed something on General Motors' Saturn Project. The people from *Today* were enthusiastic and told Nader they'd get back to him.

I called up the *Today* show last week and asked how the Nader plan was coming along. Steve Friedman, the executive producer, said they were still "exploring" it. How come, I asked, that in the case of Dolan these explorations had come to a satisfactory resolution, whereas with Nader or anyone in what we could call the progressive constituency they stay in the exploratory mode until everyone simply dies of old age. As people always do in such circumstances, Friedman began to say that he did not see this in terms of right or left but in terms of interesting television. In the last analysis, my friend, what is hamburger, what is the left? I said I'd send him the names of 200 left-wing people, starting with Ed Herman and Frank Brodhead, who could do a *Today* show critique of NBC's co-sponsorship of the preposterous K.G.B.-Bulgarian Pope plot. Send ten names, said Friedman.

One-Way Street

Some journals automatically allow those who have been subjected to criticism to respond in kind, or at least correct errors of fact. Others routinely refuse to run the replies of the victims of their abuse. Among the worst of the latter is *The New Republic*. In its February 18 issue, Eric Breindel attacked Lenni Brenner's books *Zionism in the Age of the Dictators* and *The Iron Wall* for accusing Israeli Foreign Minister Yitzhak Shamir's Stern Gang of seeking to ally itself with Hitler in 1940-41. All they really did, Breindel maintained, was "propose . . . the mass shipment . . . [of] Jews to Palestine in return for Sternist aid in ridding Palestine of the British. . . . The purpose [was] . . . to rescue the doomed."

In the letter Brenner sent *The New Republic*, he directly quoted the Sternists' incriminating proposal, which stated that "common interests" could exist between the "new order in Europe in conformity with the German concept" and the establishment of the "historic Jewish state on a national and totalitarian basis." The Sternists' National Military Organization, said the proposal, "offers to actively take part in the war on Germany's side." The offer would be connected with the military training of Jewish manpower under the command of the N.M.O., said to be "closely related to the totalitarian movements in Europe."

In his review, Breindel had also suggested to *T.N.R.* readers that the Institute for Historical Review, which denies the Holocaust occurred, likes Brenner's work, thus insinuating that Brenner and the institute are in sympathy. Reviewers have praised Brenner's books, including *The Times* of London, which does not doubt the slaughter of the Jews in World War II. Nor does Brenner, a self-described hard-core Trotskyist who has encouraged people to bust up meetings of the institute.

The New Republic has thus far refused to publish any letters by Brenner correcting Breindel's misrepresentations. I should add, in the interest of fairness, that *The Nation* has not reviewed Brenner's books, preferring in the case of at least one of the editors the safer expedient of private slander. But then *The Nation* has not been notable for its courage in this area, having found itself unable to review Noam Chomsky's *The Fateful Triangle* or Joan Peters's *From Time Immemorial*. The destruction of the British edition of this last book in *The London Review of Books*, *The Spectator* and *The Observer* has left the U.S. sponsors of Peters, such as Saul Bellow and Barbara Tuchman, looking more ridiculous than ever.

Calendar

Ronald Reagan will not be visiting the grave site of Josef Mengele near São Paulo, with or without a wreath. It seems the Mengele family desires a purely private reinterment, following an autopsy attended by 368 forensic scientists, the police forces of four countries and 1,500 journalists. There had been rumors of a graveside visit by the President "to put the past behind us."

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CALVIN TRILLIN

Personally, I thought the only important issue in the Claus von Bülow trial was whether he should get the chair for adding the "von" to his name. You hadn't realized that he added the "von" to his name? I'm afraid so—to his mother's maiden name, in fact, if we're being absolutely precise. I don't know what he found so embarrassing about the name he inherited from his father, unless it was so palpably humble that even dressing it up with a "von" wouldn't have fooled anybody into thinking it had been handed down through generations of noble heel-clickers. You say that anybody has the right to call himself anything he wants to and that criticizing somebody's name is beneath contempt? Fine. What you're saying, in other words, is that you do not think Claus von Bülow should get the chair for adding the "von" to his name. You could have simply said so; it's nothing to get excited about. We'll just assume that you're one of those people who believe in tempering justice with mercy.

I suppose it follows that you'd be for giving Oscar de la Renta nothing more than a suspended sentence for adding the "de la" to his name. O.K. If that's the way you want it, fine. A friend of mine who lives in Hart County, Kentucky, got a year and a day for renting some corn land to people who grew marijuana on it; the government called that possession of a controlled substance and conspiracy to manufacture a controlled substance. I just thought I'd mention that. I know what you're going to say now. You're going to hand out some bleeding-heart line about how crimes like armed robbery and misappropriation of name-flourishes grow out of disadvantaged social situations. You're going to say that my friend the pot grower, who goes under his own name, probably had a privileged childhood. That's true, in that he had the advantage of growing up in Hart County, where anyone who was tempted to add "de la" to his name would have had to do so with the knowledge that from then on his very approach would cause anyone he went to high school with to fall down laughing. Still, if you think a suspended sentence will do, just say so. People of good will can have honest differences in these matters.

As long as we're discussing crime and punishment, though, I'd like to find out where you stand on the question of Roy Cohn's annual birthday party, which I have previously described as follows: "A gathering of glitz-hounds, pol-schmearers, discoflies, stretch-jockeys, model-daters, real estate finaglers and Big K'nockers that I have always called the Foxhole Party, since it includes most of the prominent people in New York you wouldn't want in the next foxhole." Here's the plan: Paddy wagons are lined up outside the party. As the guests emerge, they are simply herded into the paddy wagons and hauled off to the slammer. It looks like a scene from one of those movies where the police have just raided the fanciest cathouse in town. The men—some of them personal friends of not just Roy Cohn but also Claus Bülow—are in tuxedos. The women—the sort of women who obviously sign an annual service-and-maintenance contract with Elizabeth Arden—are wearing ball gowns from big-name designers like Oscar Renta and Bill de la Blass. As the guests are being bundled into the paddy wagons, a lot of them say things like "Do you realize who I am?" The big Irish cop at the paddy wagon door just keeps saying, "Move along, buddy, move along."

What? You think that would be guilt by association? Of course it would be guilt by association. That's the name of the offense on the warrant—guilt by association. There would be other charges, of course; everyone at the party would be charged with at least one count of failure to draw the line somewhere. All of that would be explained in the front-page article the *Daily News* would run the following morning, headlined "Swells Nabbed in Sleazetoaster Bash."

What? What limousines would be where? Oh, I see. You think the paddy wagons couldn't line up outside the party because stretch limos would be lined up outside the party? Interesting. A couple of minutes ago, you were talking about civil liberties; now you're discussing logistics. As it happens, limos would be lined up outside the party only early in the evening. By the time the paddy wagons showed up, all of the limos would have been hauled away and impounded, their owners charged with possession of a controlled vehicle. That's right. Instead of the seriousness of the offense varying according to the number of ounces possessed, as in the pot law, it would vary according to limo-feet. Possession of a conventional limousine would constitute only a misdemeanor—unless, of course, it was involved in an act of double parking or in conspiracy to associate with the truly creepy. Possession of a stretch limo, though, would constitute prima facie evidence of pushing. No? Listen, if riding around in a stretch limo isn't pushing, what's pushing? Pushing would call for a mandatory sentence of a year and a day. Too stiff? How would you feel about six months to a year? Think it over.

If we aren't going to use the year-and-a-day sentence for possession of a controlled vehicle, of course, we might consider using it for anyone who is mentioned more than once a year in *W* or *Vanity Fair* or *Town and Country*, and is therefore guilty of aggravated glitz litter. No, this is not a First Amendment issue. I don't know where you get such ideas. We're not jailing the writers, just the people they write about. The editors of *Vanity Fair*, for instance, could with impunity continue to devote most of each issue to the social life of Jerome Zipkin; Zipkin, though, would have to do some time.

Prison wouldn't be so bad. A lot of Zipkin's friends would be inside. I suspect, in fact, that dinner would be black tie most nights. There would be a gala in the prison mess hall every time Claus Bülow got a stay from the Supreme Court. There would be a party each year in the yard for Roy von Cohn's birthday. What's that about due process? Listen, I'm not advocating anything; I'm just thinking out loud. Don't get excited.

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ARTICLES.

ZIA'S 'ISLAMIC DEMOCRACY'

Leading Pakistan Into the Past

ASLAM KHAN

A Pakistani monthly recently suggested that, contrary to news reports, the nation is not building the so-called Islamic Bomb. The rumor, it continued, is a smokescreen to cover Pakistan's actual top-secret project, a time machine. The device will be somewhat simpler than its H.G. Wellsian counterpart because the designers have no desire to move forward in time, only backward a few centuries. Of course, the device will also be considerably more complex than Wells's because it will have to transport an entire nation, not just an individual. Although work is progressing at a steady pace, Pakistan's government has been forced to rely in the interim on cruder methods of transporting the nation out of the twentieth century.

Contemporary realities in Pakistan are almost as strange as science fiction. The problems facing the country are astounding. With a population of more than 95 million, it has one of the highest growth rates in the world, 3.1 percent. Even without this explosion and the influx of 3 million Afghan refugees, services would be stretched to the limit. The word "load-shedding"—cutting off electricity—is on everyone's tongue these days. Most shops must close by early evening to save power. Electricity is off an average of six hours a day, sixteen hours in some localities. Industrial production, what little there is, has been severely affected by this lack of power. Water is also in short supply and is turned off several hours a day. One can survive shortages of water and electricity in winter, but in the summer the temperature climbs to 120 degrees and the misery cannot be described in polite language. Indeed, there were what could be called drinking-water riots in Karachi recently. Pakistan does have reserves of natural gas, but because of a serious failure in planning, it lacks the pipelines to deliver the gas.

Despite the severe power shortage, new houses are springing up everywhere, with marble floors, air conditioning and all the trappings of affluence—videocassette recorders, stereos, microwave ovens, not to mention gasoline-powered generators and electric water pumps. Where the money for all this comes from is a source of constant speculation, though it is probably fair to say that the $250 million in aid for the Afghan resistance that the Reagan Administration requested in its 1986 budget will help build quite a few more. The heroin trade has made more than a few spectacular fortunes too.

The highways are clogged with all kinds of vehicles: bicycles, motorcycles (often a family of four rides together on a single 100cc Suzuki), horse- and ox-drawn carts, three-wheel taxis, minibuses and other public and private buses racing one another to cram in more passengers at the next stop. Then there are the cars—millions of them, each a law unto itself. Pakistanis not only drive however they please, they burn as much oil and emit as many fumes as they please. Between the pollution and the dust, the air is nearly unbreathable much of the time. Sore throats are a chronic complaint; everyone has some folk remedy to prescribe, and items of food and drink are categorized by their effect on the throat.

No one who has traveled in the Third World will find such problems novel, but the science fiction quality of life in Pakistan comes from current efforts to solve them by moving the nation back into the seventh century. Everything in Pakistan, at least on the official level, is defined in terms of its Islamicness. Virtually everything entertaining is "un-Islamic"—drinking (the going rate for a bottle of Scotch is $80), dancing, Western or Indian films, painting, especially when women are depicted. If you have the misfortune of being female, practically anything that takes you out of the house is called un-Islamic. If you do go out, failing to cover your head is un-Islamic, as is wearing a sari. One can easily spot the villainess in any television drama; she is invariably the one in the sari.

Yet stranger things have suddenly become un-Islamic. According to one Professor Moosa Bhutto, glorifying the Mohenjo-Daro in the Indus Valley, one of the world's greatest archeological treasures, is un-Islamic. A certain mullah holds that seeing your wife's dead body is un-Islamic because once she's dead you're no longer married. (Whether the examination of female cadavers by male medical students is un-Islamic is a question still to be resolved.) The government recently announced that adoption is un-Islamic. Lest you conclude prematurely that Islam is a totally callous religion, it should be noted that the Koran does not enjoin adoption. On the contrary, it says this about the orphans of war: "If ye feel ye will not deal fairly with the orphans, marry women [i.e., widows] who seem good to you, two, three, or four (but no more) and if ye will not be able to do justice [among wives], then one." In a particularly notorious case, a mullah in Karachi declared an illegitimate infant abandoned in front of a mosque un-Islamic and proceeded to incite his congregation to stone the poor thing to death, which they did. Now President Zia ul-Haq has declared political parties un-Islamic, and democracy is being denounced as alien to Moslem tradition.

The list of things un-Islamic already seems nearly endless, but it is growing all the time. The list of things "Islamic" is somewhat shorter but scarcely more pleasant. Probably most familiar are the innovations in law and punishment that the Zia regime has been introducing since 1977 as the

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key elements of its Islamization program. Islamic punishments are harsh: amputations for theft, stoning to death for adultery and lashes for more mundane matters like drinking alcoholic beverages. The legal process has also been Islamized. Last October a law of evidence was passed by the Majlis-e-Shoora, a nonelected body with only advisory powers which the government passes off as an Islamic parliament. On the basis of a much-disputed Koranic injunction, this new law stipulates that in legal matters the testimony of a woman or a member of a religious minority is equal to half that of a Moslem man. Thus financial contracts require the signature of two women or one man. If the implications of this law for women and minority groups are grave in economic matters, in criminal matters they are horrifying. Consider a most depressing example, rape.

In many Western countries, the accused is, at least in theory, innocent until proved guilty. That still holds true in Pakistan for a man charged with rape, unless of course he has the misfortune of being tried in military court, in which the presumption is the reverse. The woman must prove conclusively, and such charges are notoriously difficult to prove, that she was raped. The interesting Islamic innovation is that should she fail to make her case, the charge may be converted to *zina* ("adultery"), on the assumption that if she wasn't raped, she must have consented. The ultimate punishment for that crime has already been mentioned. However, four years and thirty lashes are more routine.

Last year, in a widely protested case, a blind girl, who, for obvious reasons, failed to identify her attackers, was convicted of *zina*. In response to a public outcry, the conviction was overturned. The law has another feature unique to Pakistan: it applies to all ages. A molested 5-year-old may be charged as an adulterer. In the face of such laws, a woman would have to be desperate indeed to report a rape. Only an unmarried pregnant woman is likely to be so desperate, since her condition makes her liable to prosecution in any case. These laws hardly discourage rapists—on the contrary, they give them a free hand—but they certainly discourage women from going out of their houses, a side effect that no doubt pleases the regime.

DRAWINGS BY MONICA INCISA

To prevent the kind of base desires that give rise to such crimes, Pakistan's Council of Islamic Ideology, established to advise the government on laws that conflict with Islam, has issued a "strong recommendation" that the 1929 Child Marriage Restraint Act be abolished to allow boys and girls to marry before the ages of 18 and 16, respectively, providing they satisfy the chairman of their neighborhood committee that they have reached puberty. The council is not at all concerned about the pressure this would exert on Pakistan's already spectacularly high birth rate, nor about the evils of child marriage which led to the law's enactment in the first place. After all, the goal is to suppress un-Islamic desires. Create a nation of good Moslems, and God will take care of the rest. God will have to because no one else will. Birth control is not totally un-Islamic—the Prophet allowed some of his followers to practice withdrawal—but it is far from encouraged. Pakistan's spending on population planning is very low, barely 2 cents per capita. By way of comparison, China spends $1; Thailand, 60 cents; Malaysia, $1.18; India, 34 cents; Bangladesh, 52 cents; Nepal, 72 cents; and Sri Lanka, 42 cents.

Islamic innovations are not limited to legal or family matters. Commercial banking is undergoing Islamization. Islam prohibits charging interest, so as of January 1, all bank loans became interest free. No one, including bankers, seems to have any idea how the new system will work, although Mubashir Hasan, Finance Minister under Zia's predecessor, has stated that the proposed system is like old wine put into new bottles. Interest will be renamed "profit," he predicts, and the rate will go up to 15 percent. If no one seems overly concerned, it may be because those with the greatest financial stake are shifting their assets to Swiss banks.

Currently, the most controversial changes are in the political sphere. Since political parties and Western-style democracy have been declared un-Islamic, President Zia has introduced the concept of "Islamic democracy." Last December 19, Pakistanis witnessed this system in action. On December 1, in a surprise move, Zia announced that a referendum would be held in three weeks. The voters were asked to endorse or reject the process, initiated some years ago, of bringing all laws into conformity with Islamic injunctions (as laid down in the Koran and Sunnah of the Holy Prophet), as well as the continuation and consolidation of the "smooth and orderly" transfer of power to elected representatives of the people. If the voters answered yes, Zia declared, he would remain President for another five years. Between the announcement and the referendum, he toured the nation campaigning for Yes votes; he also issued a martial law directive making it illegal to encourage anyone to boycott the referendum. No one campaigned for No votes.

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Who wants to be against Islam in Pakistan? During those eighteen days, TV viewers were regaled nightly with shots of enthusiastic throngs chanting "Mard-e-Monin, Mard-e-Haq, Zia ul-Haq, Zia ul-Haq" ("Man of Faith, Man of Justice"). Many if not most of the demonstrators had been induced to do so by the promise of free box lunches, transportation to and from the site and a bit of entertainment.

Despite all the hoopla, the BBC estimated that the turnout was less than 10 percent. The government's figure was 57 percent, but one must bear in mind that two days before the voting, the government dropped the requirement that voters produce identification. To give more people an opportunity to vote, the polls, scheduled to close at 4 P.M., were kept open an extra hour. In that time many ballot boxes filled quickly.

Phase two of Islamic democracy was completed on February 25 and 28, when elections for the National and Provincial Assemblies were held. They were chosen on a nonpartisan basis, since political parties are banned and most of the prominent political leaders had been rounded up and placed in detention. Although the Movement for Restoration of Democracy called for a boycott of the elections, the voters turned out in large numbers. Not that they believed the elections heralded a new era of democracy; they hoped that members of their own *bardari*, or ethnic group, elected to the assemblies, could lobby on their behalf for electricity, sewers, new roads and the like. Indeed, since the elections, the new assembly members can be found hat in hand in the corridors of bureaucracy.

According to the Karachi-based *Herald*, the lack of political parties and leaders in the election resulted in the return to power of the wealthy. "The feudal families which had been discarded by the electorate in the 1970 elections have returned to the assemblies," the monthly magazine reported. "Nearly 75 percent of the 847 members of the bodies are big landlords. Forty traditional ruling families are now ruling the roost."

In the next five years, with the help of these ruling families, President Zia may succeed in returning his nation to the Dark Ages. Already, much of daily life is conducted by candlelight. Not everyone, of course, is happy with this kind of regress—particularly the Women's Action Forum, which was formed in 1975 by women recently returned from Western universities, where they were inspired by feminism. On several occasions, the group has taken to the streets in protest against the imposition of the Islamic laws—most notably in 1983 in Lahore, where they battled police batons, and most recently in May in Karachi, where they demonstrated against the scheduled public flogging of a Christian couple convicted of adultery. The forum's effectiveness is hampered, however, because it has been caricatured in the press as a group of affluent, Westernized and rather silly women, who smoke cigarettes and drink. In a society where the un-Islamic is the unthinkable, the organization has no way to counteract this distortion. It must fight on the opposition's turf.

The average citizen, who is neither protesting nor in jail, longs to leave the country. A survey of more than 25,000

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professionals conducted last year by Pakistan's National Talent Pool, a government agency, revealed that three out of four high-level professionals were keen to emigrate. The desire to flee is reflected everywhere. Almost all the cigarette advertisements on television are set in New York, Hong Kong or London. Their message is clear: smoke this brand and you can get the pleasure of being in a place where people have fun and money (a blond woman is usually somewhere in the picture). Numerous matrimonial ads in the newspapers stipulate "Green Card holder." Those who can leave are doing so in droves: the working classes to the Middle East; the wealthy to the United States, Canada and Europe. Others are escaping through heroin addiction, which has reached epidemic proportions.

Those who remain will have to travel backward with President Zia. The money and arms that will enable him to carry out his program of Islamization will be provided largely by the United States. Pakistan is now the site of the largest covert operation by the Central Intelligence Agency since Vietnam, financed by $250 million in aid to the Afghan resistance. To maintain the fiction that the United States is not directly involved in the Afghanistan war, funds must be channeled through Pakistani hands, with the result that, according to some critics, as little as 20 percent will reach its intended destination. Pakistan is also one of the top recipients of direct U.S. economic and military aid, a total of $3.2 billion from 1981 through 1986.

The justification for all this aid was expressed by Henry Kissinger on his recent visit to Islamabad, when he paid tribute to Pakistan as a "front-line state" in the defense of "free people" everywhere. Air Marshal M. Asghar Khan, retired, a leading opponent of the Zia regime, gave voice to what is probably a widely shared response to Kissinger's comments: "Dr. Kissinger's remarks. . . are an insult to the intelligence of Pakistani people. People who are denied human rights in their own country can hardly be expected to do much for other people's freedom." □

X-RATED FEMINISM

Ban Sexism, Not Pornography

MARCIA PALLY

In the past year pornography has commanded the public attention that demon rum did generations ago. On *Nightline* and the Cable News Network and in the pages of *Newsweek*, representatives of Women Against Pornography debate Al Goldstein (*Screw*) and Bob Guccione (*Penthouse*) on the one hand and civil libertarians on the other. The right wing applies a feminist patina to its antiporn platform: even Phyllis Schlafly's newsletter has changed its description of pornography from a moral and social evil to a danger to women. Ordinances banning porn, written and promoted by feminists Catharine MacKinnon and Andrea Dworkin, have been introduced in Minneapolis and Los Angeles, and passed in Indianapolis [see Lois P. Sheinfeld, "Banning Porn: The New Censorship," *The Nation*, September 8, 1984]. Although the Indianapolis law was struck down by a Federal District Court, the city took the case to the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Seventh Circuit, and it is expected to go all the way to the Supreme Court.

Last month, perhaps in response to the tumult, Attorney General Edwin Meese 3d empaneled a Justice Department commission to "study the effects of sexually explicit material . . . and recommend new ways to control it," according to *The New York Times*. Former Arlington, Virginia, prosecutor Henry Hudson, who will head the eleven-member panel, feels he is qualified for the job because he succeeded in closing down porn venues in his district. The American Civil Liberties Union feels otherwise. Barry Lynn, legislative counsel to the union, said, "I'm afraid there is a train marked 'censorship' which has just left the station."

It's easy to understand why the religious right is attracted to the antipornography crusade and why the average television news viewer finds it entertaining. But what's the appeal for feminists? What's the draw for a movement that fifteen years ago presented a broad political program emphasizing economic issues, reproductive rights and cultural critique? The First Amendment argument against suppressing pornography has appeared in this and other periodicals. But there is a feminist case to be made as well, rooted in the deepest beliefs of the women's movement.

In March, Betty Rosenstein of the Los Angeles County Commission for Women proclaimed, "Every problem of women is a subset of pornography." To borrow a line from Katherine Hepburn, How from where we started did we get here? Because of our own political naïveté, in part; because of contradictions in our movement; and because of the country's conservative shift.

The women's movement of the early 1970s was extraordinarily optimistic. We knew we had far-reaching problems, but we boasted solutions to match. We offered one another impetus and vision. We found role models—Mary Wollstonecraft, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Simone de Beauvoir and Amelia Earhart, to name a few. We heard one another's sad stories and told one another to go on, get over it, get out. We told one another we could.

A great deal was accomplished in the movement's first years: *Roe v. Wade*, hundreds of books and courses on feminism, *Ms.*, the First Women's Bank. Like many 1960s activists, we expected to continue felling foes at a rapid clip. We expected the Equal Rights Amendment to sail through state legislatures. But the first victories were the easy ones—society was ready for them. Then came the slow work: the tedious educational process, the organizing against cultural resistance, simple inertia and, finally,

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against a backlash and economic crisis. Few feminists were prepared for the E.R.A. debacle, for *Harris v. McRae* or for Reaganism, with its "pedestal" lingo and social service cutbacks. Pro-choice activists found themselves again fighting battles they thought they'd won; women athletes in colleges lost the equal facilities and funding newly guaranteed under Title IX; pregnant women on public assistance could no longer count on supplemental food allowances.

Activists working in shelters for battered women and rape victims grew especially dispirited. For them, and eventually for many feminists, the bruised and bleeding women they helped became a metaphor for the condition of all women. As they documented the frequency of misogynous violence, rape and battery began to seem omnipresent and overwhelming. With the 1980 election, the media followed the lead of a law-and-order Administration and increased coverage of violent crimes, the better to justify "preventative measures." Our despair increased and we became desperate for solutions. With the best intentions we grasped at quick fixes.

Here "cultural feminism" came into play. A strain of the movement since the early 1970s, cultural feminism holds that there exists a benevolent, nurturant female way of being and an aggressive, conquering male approach to life. The latter is fueled by rapacious drives that give rise to war, sexism, incest and rape. In short, male sexuality is inherently violent and dangerous to women—perhaps, to the planet.

Some have celebrated "women's culture" in art: poet Adrienne Rich and painter Judy Chicago are perhaps the best known. But it's the social analysis that became important for the antiporn movement. Consider Andrea Dworkin's assessment of the male sex in *Pornography: Men Possessing Women*:

> For men the right to abuse women is elemental, the first principle, with no beginning . . . and with no end plausibly in sight. . . . Pornography is the holy corpus of men who would rather die than change. Dachau brought into the bedroom and celebrated. . . . Pornography reveals that male pleasure is inextricably tied to victimizing, hurting, exploiting; that sexual fun and sexual passion in the privacy of the male imagination are inseparable from the brutality of male history.

By the time feminist politics began to flag, cultural feminism had laid the ground for a new campaign: get at the source of men's mayhem, attack their sexuality and the culture that forms it. Yet it's hard to organize against something as amorphous as sexuality or culture. A focus was needed, a target, a Bastille. Pornography. The changing names of feminist organizations tell the story. Early on, there was Women Against Violence Against Women; then, later, Women Against Violence and Pornography in the Media; and then Women Against Pornography.

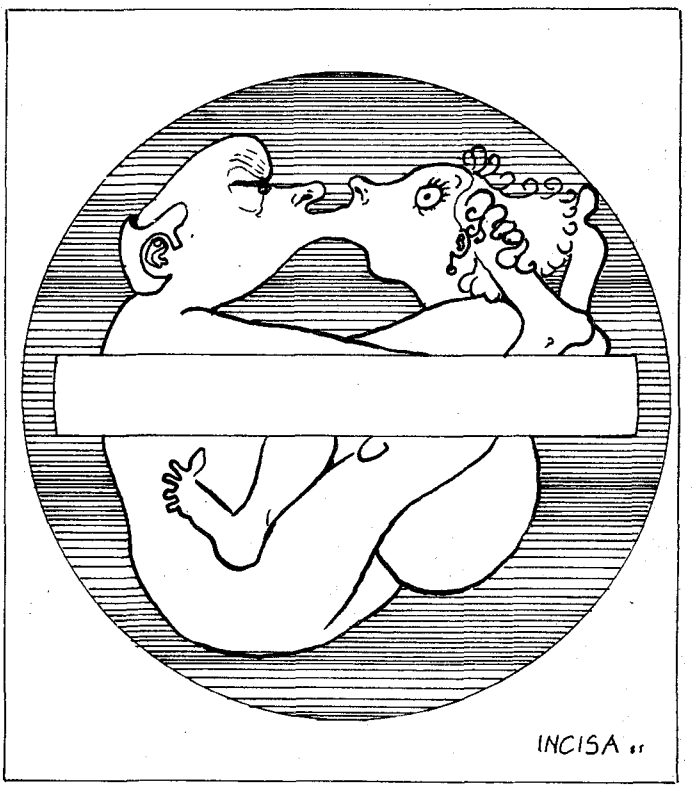
For a number of reasons, the antiporn movement is attractive to many women. It provides a vehicle for expressing anger, not at an abstract "system" or an economy out of our control but at *men* and the way they are—at the men we know, whose privileges and arrogance are confirmed by Reaganism. The principles are simple: porn degrades and violates women; men look at it and emulate it. The course of action seems clear; the road to victory, short and direct. It has the lure of peace in our time.

It also has the cachet of feminist tradition. Throughout the 1970s, we examined images in all sectors of culture, from television commercials to the films shown in medical school. It was a tool for identifying sexism and exposing its pervasiveness. Applying the technique to *Hustler* and *Deep Throat*, women found, as Laura Lederer and Diana Russell wrote in *Take Back the Night*:

> Not all pornography is violent, but even the most banal pornography objectifies women's bodies. . . . It means that women are not seen as human beings but as things. Men are reared to view females in this way, pornography thrives off this, and feeds it, and rape is one of the consequences.

But there are leaps of faith in that formulation, from objectification of women's bodies to rape, and from examining images for their insights about society to identifying those images as *sources* of social injustice. Feminists who exposed the symbols of sexism fifteen years ago never claimed that Lemon Pledge was essential to our oppression; they never said that taking Mop & Glo commercials off the air would bring us abortion rights or better pay.

Today, antiporn feminists believe that removing *Playboy* from newsstands will improve women's lot, and they cite research to show us why. Neil Malamuth at the University of California, Los Angeles, and Edward Donnerstein at the University of Wisconsin are investigating the connection between exposure to sexually violent images and tolerant attitudes about violence against women. But attitudes, as even these scientists will tell you, don't predict actions with much reliability. In an interview with *Newsweek* this year, Don-



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nerstein said, "No one can show a causal link between exposure to porn and effect on behavior."

There are other questions to be asked of this research. Show a male college sophomore a series of pornographic films that include rape and he might evince decreased sensitivity to rape victims in a post-screening questionnaire or mock trial. But could the subject's knowledge that his scores will be compared with those of other college men produce a "sexual bravura" skew in his answers? Does the subject's familiarity with the goals of his professor's study predetermine useful responses? (Most of this research was done with psychology students participating for extra credit.) Is watching blue movies in a laboratory the same as viewing it at home or in a 42nd Street booth? Could "desensitization" to on-screen violence be boredom or the normal response to the familiar? Donnerstein has pointed out that doctors in emergency rooms don't faint at the sight of each new bloody body, but that hardly means they're going to commit murder.

Other research has shown that acts committed by convicted rapists are described in pornography. So is the missionary position. And certainly gruesome things have been done to women without *Hustler*'s help. But what about the rapists and wife batterers who say they learned their stuff from porn? Those confessions seem self-serving—just look at who gets off. Once the devil made them do it; now it's Miss Jones. And something is not quite right about the proposition that men rape because they think it's O.K. One thing feminism has accomplished is the redefinition of rape as a violent act rather than a sexual one. If we want to understand it, we must ask what rapists get out of hurting women. And we must examine why police, lawyers and judges have failed to treat rape seriously.

The ordinances in Minneapolis and Indianapolis spurred a feminist counter to the legislation in particular, and to the antiporn movement in general. The Feminist Anti Censorship Taskforce (FACT), with independent offices in New York, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Toronto, and Madison, Wisconsin, is concerned not only about the legislation's potential damage to First Amendment rights but about its possible misuse. Conservatives, for example, might employ the law to remove from bookstore shelves sexually explicit gay or feminist materials—the health manual *Our Bodies, Ourselves*, for example—because they find such materials degrading to women. Once a complaint was filed, the evaluation of a book or picture would be made not by feminists but by a local jury. As Nan Hunter, a lawyer and a founder of FACT, put it, "We all differ about what would fall under the definition of pornography, but do we want to have that discussion in the Indianapolis city court?"

Yet arguing against the antiporn view only in terms of censorship, possible misuse or bedding down with the right wing ignores profound questions about the sources of women's problems. Will removing *Playboy* from the A&P stop rape, discrimination or the feminization of poverty? Since battery, incest and inequality flourished for thousands of years before the mass-market porn industry, it's unlikely that they're directly linked to "dirty pictures." It's unlikely, too, that porn *initiates* violence or lousy pay. The antiporn argument claims porn provides men with how-to instructions for abusing women, but it could be that pornographic images and life interact in another way.

Porn, with its barely narrative, dreamlike smorgasbord of erotic acts, is not presented as true, unlike the news or advertising. It's fantasy, and one of the things people do in fantasies is confront what frightens them. What we learn from porn, fantasies by and for men, is that men are both drawn to and terrified of women—not surprising in a society where women perform most of the child-care duties. In infancy the child needs mom and delights in her solicitude, yet fears her apparent omnipotence and rages at its dependence on her. (Girls, too, get angry and afraid, but there is an edge of fury men feel about women that women don't because, after all, women are "us.")

If porn tells us of man's love/hate for women and suggests the psychological genesis of this ambivalence, perhaps women should seek to dismantle the arrangements that foster this love/hate rather than attack its representations. If men and women took care of children equally, we all would still have our memories of infancy and fear of dependence. But mom wouldn't be the sole focus of our expectations and ire, and the female figure wouldn't be the only reminder of our helplessness. In such a world, we might still have porn, but the tales and pictures might be less imbalanced, less sexist.

Porn is a product of our culture and bears all its ills, but it may not be their source. And so, antiporn activities may make little difference to women's lives. If we want to halt violence against women, we'd do well to look at the political and economic systems that keep women powerless. We'd do well to fight for equal and comparable pay, nontraditional jobs, a feminist presence in politics, self-defense classes, sex education, abortion, better and better-disseminated birth control devices—you know the list. And how about an organization patterned after Volunteer Lawyers for the Arts? Feminist attorneys could found Volunteer Lawyers for Women, with divisions to represent workers in the sex industry; victims of rape, battery and incest; teenage women; minority women; and women involved in divorce and property suits.

If we want to address the psychological causes of misogyny, we'd do well to look at parenting, day care and a national policy on maternity/paternity leaves. Rather than closing porn parlors, we could spend our time better by getting mom out of the house, at least half the time, and getting dad back in. That would provide the double benefit of introducing more women to the public sphere (for independent incomes, political clout) and introducing dad to baby.

Feminists must also address the relationship between images and those who make them. The women and men in the scarlet-collar industries are often exploited by their bosses, abused by patrons, disparaged by the public and harassed by the forces of law and order. Criminalizing porn will only

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make matters worse, as business will undoubtedly go underground and endure the hazards of the black market. Telling prostitutes and models to quit their jobs is ridiculous presumption. It would be more productive to insist that existing laws against coercion, battery, rape, kidnapping and child abuse be enforced in the sex industry. And it would be more productive to fund and support organizations like COYOTE, the U.S. Prostitutes' Collective and the International Committee for Prostitutes' Rights. My fantasy is that a national union will emerge and affiliate with the teamsters; the bumper stickers will read, Hookers and Truckers Unite. Talk about coalition building.

With paltry funds and little clout, feminists can't afford misguided efforts or squandered resources. While we're spending our energy on porn, New York Women Against Rape is failing financially and in danger of folding. We can't allow ourselves to be overtaken by despair or messianic thinking, or be tempted by apparent quick fixes. We can't afford to waste the time. □

THE MEXICAN OPPOSITION

Cracks in the P.R.I. Monolith?

LUIS J. RODRIGUEZ

On the eve of crucial midterm elections, the Mexican government has been shaken by spiraling inflation, punitive border closings by the United States and high-level drug scandals. On July 7, Mexicans go to the polls to choose 400 representatives to the Chamber of Deputies, seven governors, 155 local representatives and 836 mayors. For the first time in its fifty-six-year reign, the Institutional Revolutionary Party (P.R.I.), Latin America's most venerable political institution, is running scared.

Last December, a violent confrontation in Piedras Negras, Coahuila, directly across the Rio Grande from Eagle Pass, Texas, dramatized the growing opposition to the P.R.I. Several thousand angry supporters of the conservative National Action Party (PAN) gathered to protest the swearing in of the new mayor, charging that the P.R.I. had rigged the election that put him in office. In the ensuing melee, two persons were killed and forty-five injured when police fired bullets and tear gas into the crowd. In response, protesters burned City Hall and the jail.

Similar anti-P.R.I. protests have erupted in other cities, reflecting popular discontent and the rise of parties on both the left and the right that are challenging the P.R.I.'s heretofore total dominance of Mexican politics. PAN, the strongest opposition group, expects to make significant gains in the elections, including the governorships of Nuevo León and Sonora. Its platform opposes nationalization of

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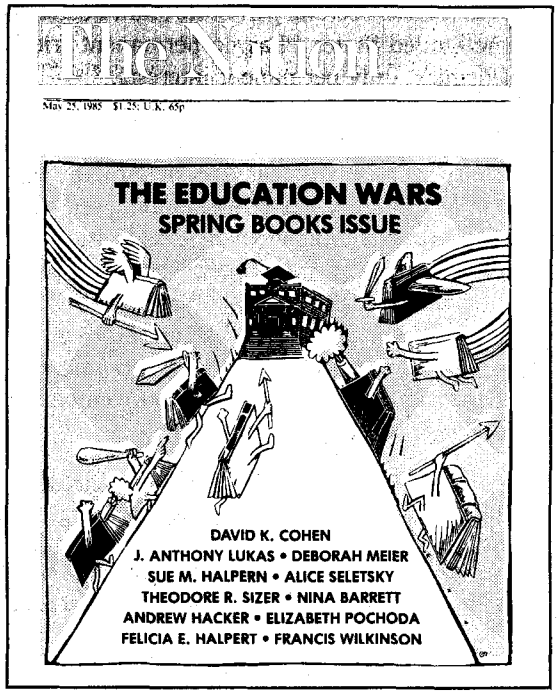
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industry, tax-supported schools and land reform, and calls for the Catholic Church to play a more active role in national politics. In foreign affairs the party wants Mexico to withdraw from the Contadora process and drop its opposition to the Reagan Administration's Central America policies.

The P.R.I. is worried about the threat from the right. At its twelfth National Assembly, last August, 6,000 delegates heard speaker after speaker denounce PAN as a cat's-paw of U.S. conservatives—particularly the Heritage Foundation, which published a report praising the rightist party, and the Republican Party, which invited two PAN representatives to attend its national convention in Dallas. (It was all right, of course, for a P.R.I. delegation to go to the Democratic convention.)

"Mexican revolutionary power continues to be rooted in the sovereignty of the people," declared P.R.I. president Adolfo Lugo Verduzco in a speech to the assembly. "The solutions to Mexico's problems are in Mexico and the exclusive responsibility of Mexicans, without foreign interference from any quarter." Charging U.S. meddling on the right and Soviet and Cuban backing of the left-wing opposition, the party closed ranks behind the banner "Mexican Revolutionary Nationalism," which says more about the party's precarious future than its tarnished revolutionary past.

Formed in 1929 to end the violent political infighting that followed the 1910 Revolution, the P.R.I. provided a mechanism for electoral control and peaceful succession for the heirs of Zapata, Villa, Madero, Carranza and Obregón. The party's long political dominance is generally attributed to its ability to accommodate diverse interests and to be either flexible or authoritarian, as the situation demands. Another factor is a system of patronage and corruption which Chicago's Mayor Richard Daley would have envied.

In the early 1980s, the plunging Mexican economy confronted the party with the gravest challenge in its history. The fall in oil prices shattered the illusion of a rich, dynamic Mexico, which the government had cultivated in the international business community. In August 1982, the government declared it was unable to make further payments on its $80 billion foreign debt, 46 percent of which was owed to U.S. banks. Inflation gnawed away at the value of the peso, which fell from 12.5 to the dollar in 1975 to close to 300 in 1985.

In response to pressure from the banks and the International Monetary Fund, the government imposed austerity measures that caused intolerable suffering among the poor [see Penny Lernoux, "Lessons of the Mexican Bailout," *The Nation*, October 6, 1984]. Food prices rose 75 percent in 1983, and the unemployment rate climbed to between 50 and 60 percent. Mexico City—with 17 million inhabitants, already the largest city in the hemisphere—was encircled by growing rings of shantytowns as peasants who were unable to wrest a subsistence from the depleted soil around their villages abandoned the land.

For Mexico's poor, there seemed only two courses of action: cross the border to seek work in the United States or engage in militant protests at home. Many chose the latter,

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and social unrest boiled up. Foreign investors and international lenders (whose exposure in Mexico had reached $96 billion by 1983) watched closely the P.R.I.'s handling of the domestic protests. Last year, a number of major multinationals, including General Motors, McDonald's, Dow Chemical, Atlantic Richfield, Exxon and General Electric, sponsored a "political risk analysis" of Mexico by the University of Southern California's Center for Futures Research. The report, published in February 1984, concluded that Mexico needed a cohesive ruling party which could "maintain control over the governed" while incorporating "more diverse groups in the political process" and reducing corruption and government mismanagement.

As Mexico's major trading partner, the United States is deeply concerned about the P.R.I.'s ability to keep the peace. The United States, the largest exporter of capital and consumer goods to Mexico, provides 65 percent of Mexico's imports, from raw materials to manufactured products. Disruption of this relationship would be detrimental to the long-range goals of the multinationals that do business in Mexico. Also, the Reagan Administration regards a stable Mexico as essential to the security of Latin America, particularly in Central America and the Caribbean Basin.

As far back as 1977, President José López Portillo sought to deal with growing unrest by announcing an *abertura* ("opening"), which enabled many new political parties to register, including several on the left that had been banned by the government. The left worked hard to take advantage of the liberalization. A number of leftist parties, including the Mexican Communist Party, set aside deep-seated antagonisms to form the United Socialist Party of Mexico. The Mexican Workers' Party was also formed as a result of the *abertura*.

The opening gave the P.R.I. a breather, but it also brought problems as a number of the new parties won local elections. In 1981, a coalition of workers, peasants and students known as the COCEI joined forces with the United Socialists and won the municipal elections in the Oaxaca city of Juchitan. The P.R.I. fought back. First, its local supporters carried out brutal attacks on COCEI officials, several of whom were kidnapped. That tactic was supplemented by voting fraud and repression by state police. Finally, when city officials and their supporters occupied City Hall in December 1983, federal troops forcibly ousted them. Clearly, the government had not meant the opening to be taken seriously.

"The people's municipal government of Juchitan carried the hope of genuine popular government—the first in the country," COCEI spokesman Oscar Cruz López told me. "The P.R.I. government realized it had to stop it. It could not permit the political opening to widen to the point where Juchitan achieved popular support independent of government control."

Around that time, the forty-five-year-old, long-dormant PAN began to stir. In 1983 it won five legislative seats and sixty-one municipal government posts. Earlier this year in Sinaloa, it turned out 300,000 marchers for a demonstration. The party's support there is due largely to the people's distrust of the P.R.I. and their desire for a choice, and those views are echoed in other parts of the country.

U.S. conservatives, particularly in the Reagan Administration, have watched PAN's rise with great interest. They question the P.R.I.'s continued ability to govern. The latter could count on U.S. support in the past, but that is no longer true. As former Secretary of State John Foster Dulles once said, the United States "has no permanent friends or permanent enemies, only permanent interests."

The P.R.I. is not ready to be written off, however. Indications are that President Miguel de la Madrid's drastic belt-tightening measures have won the approval of the international financial community, resulting in a renewed influx of capital. The American Management Association, which gives industrial executives investment advice on business ventures worldwide, reported early this year, "Mexico is paying back its foreign debt [and] has recently emerged as an area of renewed optimism for many top international planners and decision-makers." And last November 22, the *Los Angeles Times* noted in an editorial:

> The [de la Madrid] administration cut the public deficit, halted major public-works projects, cut imports in half, further devalued the peso and increased exports. . . . [It] was then able to persuade its creditor banks to stretch out the repayment time for slightly more than half its now $96 billion in foreign debt.

Nevertheless, the P.R.I. faces the immense task of creating jobs and feeding people. Some Mexicans say a radical shift in economic power is necessary before those goals can be achieved. If voters perceive that the economy is recovering, even temporarily, the P.R.I. will probably come through the July 7 elections largely intact. But if the nation

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shifts right and a small but vocal PAN opposition is seated in the Chamber of Deputies, it could be the beginning of the end of the P.R.I.'s long reign—a development which would have profound consequences for the colossus to the north. □

Road Map

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

opposition to the nuclear arms race and the growth of a vigorous campaign against U.S. intervention in Central America. On the negative side, we must acknowledge our failure to block spending for the MX missile, to halt other new arms programs and to prevent stepped-up U.S. military involvement in El Salvador and elsewhere in Central America [see Klare, "Building a Fortress America," *The Nation*, March 23].

There is also the possibility that the United States will become directly engaged in a shooting war. President Reagan's policies in Central America—the basing infrastructure in Honduras, the constant military maneuvers, the naval buildup in the Caribbean—suggest a readiness to intervene. Increased support for "friendly" forces in Afghanistan, Cambodia, Morocco, Thailand, the Philippines and other Third World countries highlight a global expansion of U.S. military activity.

In attempting to resist those moves, the peace movement has run up against relatively impenetrable political barriers. Although most Americans are fearful of nuclear war and of a Vietnam-type quagmire in Central America, we have not succeeded in persuading enough of them to abandon their allegiance to nuclear deterrence and an interventionist military stance in the Third World. According to recent polls, an overwhelming majority of Americans say that nuclear war is unwinnable and unsurvivable; however, an equal number hold that we need nuclear weapons to deter aggressive moves by the Russians. Similarly, while most Americans oppose direct U.S. military involvement in Central America, they endorsed the Grenada operation and generally support Reagan's "get tough" attitude toward the Soviet Union and its Third World allies. All our exhortations about the illogic of deterrence or the immorality of intervention have not shaken these beliefs; thus we have repeatedly been outmaneuvered by the Administration in crucial tests of public opinion.

Contributing to our difficulties are our own political shortcomings. We have relied too much on stimulating what has been called "nukophobia," fear of nuclear war, and have failed to offer people a credible way out of the nuclear nightmare. This has allowed the White House to siphon off some of the energy aroused by the freeze campaign, through the Star Wars scheme (an ostensible defense against nuclear attack) and showpiece arms control talks with the Russians. We have also tended to view nuclear war and intervention as separate issues, thus failing to unite and build on the mobilized energies of the antinuclear and anti-interventionary movements. Moreover, we regularly fail to point out the links between militarism and the systemic assault on the rights of women, minority groups, the poor and the elderly in our society. Finally, by focusing almost exclusively on the Reagan Administration's militaristic stance, we have failed to appreciate or deal with the public's legitimate concerns about Soviet nuclear programs and interventionary activities.

To extricate ourselves from the current impasse, we must seek to alter public attitudes while resisting the Administration's most provocative and dangerous moves—and at the same time undertake a long-term crusade to reverse the arms race. Such a multifaceted strategy rests on these basic propositions:

§ Nukophobia cannot by itself generate support for nuclear disarmament. However successful we may have been in alerting Americans to the frightful risks of a nuclear conflict, we will not win them over to the side of disarmament unless we can convince them that the prevailing form of deterrence—which rests increasingly on the deployment of first-strike weapons—doesn't work. We must convince the public that true security requires phased reductions in nuclear stockpiles, resulting ultimately in a denuclearized world.

§ Intervention and nuclear brinkmanship are both part of a continuous spectrum of military aggression, and both flow from a common drive for global paramountcy. Because U.S. and Soviet expeditionary forces are always covered by a "nuclear umbrella"—a threat or promise to use nuclear weapons in defending them—any application of military force by the superpowers inevitably carries the danger of nuclear escalation. There is, then, a deadly connection between military intervention and the onset of World War III.

§ We must subject Soviet foreign and military policies to the same analysis and criticism that we direct at U.S. policies. That does not mean portraying the Soviet war machine in the hysterical terms used by the Reagan Administration, but it does mean acknowledging and condemning the Soviet Union's mammoth nuclear buildup and its interventions in other parts of the world. This is not just a matter of political expediency; it is essential to preserve our moral integrity and consistency. We who seek to expose the inhumanity and hypocrisy of President Reagan's policies with no assets other than the superiority of our moral vision can ill afford to play favorites or make apologies for another world power.

§ We must expand our network of alliances. The peace movement has gained strength and authority in the past few years, but we cannot achieve our goals without the support of groups and movements that share (or can be persuaded to share) our vision of a demilitarized world: minority groups, labor, the elderly, the religious community. By the same token, we must be prepared to lend our support to those groups when their concerns coincide with our objectives.

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§ Finally, we must project an aura of hope and unity. We must show that the peace movement, and not the advocates of deterrence or Star Wars, offers the best proposals for insuring a safe and secure future. We must demonstrate, in convincing and concrete terms, that nuclear disarmament can proceed without increasing the danger of a nuclear war. That, in turn, will require cultivating a sense of cooperation in the peace movement based on respect for one another's ideas and abilities.

Those principles can provide a foundation for a strategy to carry us from short-term to long-term successes. Such a strategy assumes that we operate on several fronts at once and that, above all, we concentrate on challenging the ingrained attitudes toward war and deterrence held by most Americans. It must emphasize the following four objectives:

War Prevention. While nuclear disarmament is our ultimate objective, we should do everything we can to prevent nonnuclear wars from occurring and to oppose superpower involvement in them. There are no "safe" wars in a nuclearized world. The issue of survival aside, the overriding goal of the peace movement is to reduce human suffering and bloodshed—whether caused by nuclear or nonnuclear weapons. This is especially true while the United States is fueling military violence in Central America and in other areas of the Third World.

War prevention can take many forms, ranging from traditional protests—rallies, marches, vigils, picket lines and the like—to media campaigns, lobbying, electoral and legal action. Opponents of U.S. intervention in Central America employ all these methods, but they will have to intensify their efforts to block further escalation. We also must keep informed about covert or low-level intervention in other Third World areas, particularly the Philippines, to insure they do not lead to deeper involvements.

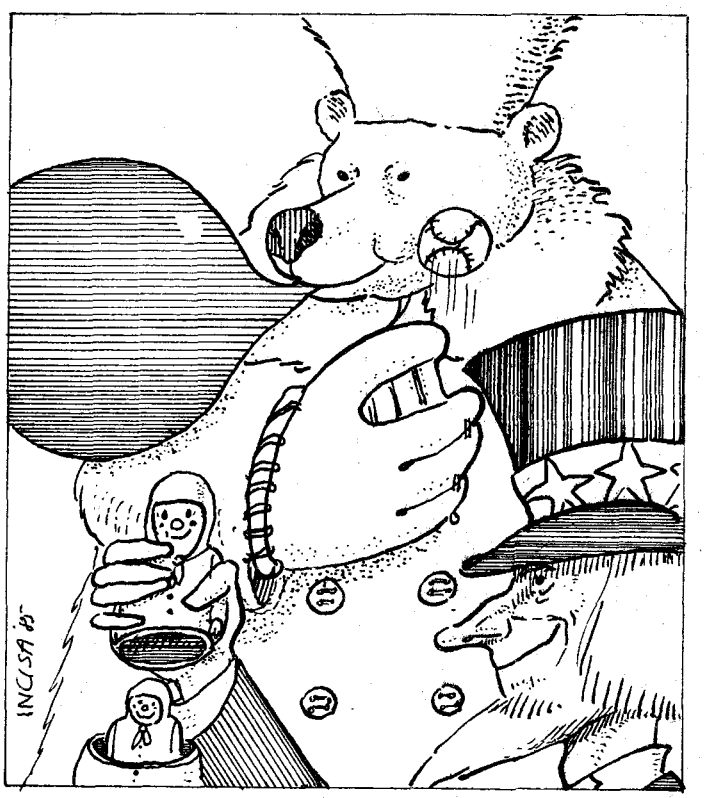
In making the case against intervention, we should raise both moral and pragmatic considerations. We should cite the principle, first enunciated by the Founding Fathers, of noninterference in the internal affairs of other countries and point out the immorality of using violence to settle disputes that could be solved through nonmilitary means.

On the practical side, we should inform people that a U.S. role in any major conflict in the Third World is likely to swell Federal spending at a time of record deficits, thus spurring inflation, economic stagnation and higher taxes. Such involvement would also generate new military manpower needs and increase the likelihood of a revival of the draft; alienate NATO allies, undermining long-term U.S. security; and fuse the deadly connection between conventional and nuclear combat. In making these points, we must distinguish between isolationism and noninterventionism. The latter allows for enlightened political, economic, cultural and diplomatic interchange with other countries and peoples.

Diminished U.S.-Soviet Antagonism. It has become evident in recent years that a major impediment to progress toward nuclear disarmament is hostility toward the Soviet Union at the grass roots. No matter how deeply Americans fear nuclear war, they will not abandon their allegiance to the doctrine of deterrence as long as they perceive that the United States and the Soviet Union are doomed to perpetual rivalry and conflict. Two generations of cold war intellectuals have carefully nurtured the belief that Soviet forces would attack the United States on many fronts around the world if it wasn't for the threat of massive retaliation. To change that perception, the peace movement must emphasize the two countries' mutual interest in nuclear disarmament.

We must also develop a more objective view of the Soviet Union, avoiding the calculated alarmism of the right and the sentimentalism of some on the left. Such a view would acknowledge the Soviet Union's massive nuclear arsenal, its authoritarian rule in Eastern Europe and excessive secrecy and repression at home, and its ruthless counterinsurgency tactics in Afghanistan. It would also mean rejecting the right's view that the Russians are confident they can win a nuclear war, that they have vastly superior military power vis-à-vis the United States, that they have a global interventionary capability and that they are behind every Third World insurgency. We must break down the stereotype of the fanatical, implacable foe which shapes perceptions of the Soviet Union in this country. That will mean showing people that the Russians have as much a stake in preventing a nuclear catastrophe as we have, and can be trusted to comply with arms control agreements.

Fortunately, many people are already working for those objectives. They are organizing exchanges of citizens between the two countries; "pairing" U.S. and Soviet communities, which send each other books, photographs, drawings, movies and so forth; carrying on research; and organizing seminars and workshops to discuss Soviet society



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and politics. Much more of these kinds of activities will be needed if we are to overcome the misconceptions that poison U.S.-Soviet relations.

Peace Education and Action. Educating the public, always part of the peace movement's strategy, is more important now than ever. We must deepen people's appreciation of the costs and risks of militarism and build a national consensus around nuclear disarmament. In many ways, peace education is the bridge between our present troubles and a more hopeful future.

Peace action—holding vigils, demonstrations, marches and the like—also constitutes an essential element of the movement's strategy. In the past, such grass-roots actions have often alerted the public about nuclear installations—for example, the Rocky Flats nuclear weapons assembly plant in Colorado, the Lawrence Livermore nuclear arms laboratories in California and the "white train" used to transport nuclear arms across the United States [see Ann Morrissett Davidon et al., "People Who Are Changing Things," *The Nation*, January 19].

Peace education should cover a wide range of topics, but some issues stand out:

§ The growing risk of miscalculation, accident and escalation posed by counterforce weapons designed to destroy enemy nuclear forces, including missiles stored in hardened underground silos. Such arms include the MX missile, the Trident 2 missile, the proposed Midgetman mobile missile and the latest generation of Soviet intercontinental ballistic missiles. Those weapons and their associated command, control, communications and intelligence systems undermine deterrence and greatly increase the risk that either side in a superpower confrontation will resort to nuclear attack.

§ The danger posed by the progressive nuclearization of U.S. and Soviet air, ground and naval forces, and the simultaneous introduction of "near-nuclear" conventional arms, with the destructive power of low-yield atomic devices. This nuclearization process breaks down the distinction between conventional and nuclear conflicts and increases the risk of escalation from one to the other.

§ The expansion of America's nuclear warfighting infrastructure, including the construction of laboratories and testing installations, uranium mining and processing facilities, production plants, transportation and storage facilities and bases. Focusing public attention on such projects would demonstrate the enormous degree to which American communities, and specific corporations and institutions, have become enmeshed in the U.S. nuclear warfighting establishment.

§ The decline in U.S. economic health because of excessive reliance on military spending. Although high levels of military spending benefit some sectors of the economy, they divert resources—capital, scientific and technological talent, scarce raw materials—from other sectors. The highly touted Star Wars scheme will bring prosperity to a few pockets of high-technology industry while making life even worse for minority groups, the poor, the elderly and other Americans in the industrial heartland. We must show how the economy would benefit from a reduction in military spending and how existing plants could be converted from military to civilian production.

§ The distortion of democratic society as a result of the national emphasis on military power and "readiness." Witness the growing reliance on secrecy in Washington, coupled with new restrictions on public information; the Federal government's increased surveillance and harassment of dissident groups (for instance, the sanctuary movement which assists undocumented Central American refugees); and the emphasis on military training and recruitment in high schools and colleges. If the United States goes to war, the assault on civil liberties will be stepped up. The struggle for peace and disarmament, therefore, is directly related to the struggle for freedom and democracy.

Those should be some of the important themes of our educational work in the years ahead. Obviously, each group will select issues related to its particular concerns and conditions, but all must strive to improve their ability to communicate their goals and values to a wider public.

Far too often, our educational work has failed to reach beyond the peace community, either because we lack media and outreach skills or because we are frozen out of the local press. The first failing can be remedied through self-education in communications skills; to overcome the second problem, we need to find ways to win over the media or bypass them entirely. (Several national organizations now can provide trained people to hold workshops on media and communications techniques for local groups.) We cannot build an effective political coalition for peace unless we project our views to the American public.

Charting a Path to Peace. The peace movement must develop realistic, concrete proposals for the creation of a stable, just and disarmed world. We must outline the near-term, midterm and long-term steps that will take us from today's world to one free from the scourge of militarism, nuclear terror and injustice. Most of all, we must demonstrate that compared with the highly nuclearized and militarized world we live in, the peaceful world we seek will be superior in all respects—security, economic well-being and political freedom for all people.

This task must proceed from a creative interaction between visionary speculation and calculated, hardheaded reasoning. All of us have something to contribute, whether it is academic or professional experience, political or religious background, work in the peace movement or the struggle for human justice. Many groups and individuals have already begun such efforts. These include the Security Project of the World Policy Institute, the Nuclear Negotiation Project of the Harvard Law School, the Program on Nonviolent Sanctions of Harvard University and the many programs in peace studies and conflict resolution under way at American colleges and universities.

No doubt the strategy I have outlined has shortcomings. But only by airing such ideas and stimulating fresh thinking can we develop the sort of program that will enable us to prevent catastrophe and arrive at a truly free and secure world. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

A Fine Excess

ROBERT B. SHAW

WHAT THE LIGHT WAS LIKE. *By Amy Clampitt. Alfred A. Knopf. 110 pp. $14.95. Paper $8.95.*

Few first books of poetry have been as highly acclaimed as Amy Clampitt's *The Kingfisher* (1983). On the jacket of her second collection, three reviewers use the word "brilliant"; the fourth makes do with "genius." It is a pleasure to say that for once these terms have not been misapplied. Moreover, *What the Light Was Like* contains a number of poems which, I believe, surpass the achievement of the earlier book.

Although she is in her early 60s, Clampitt did not begin to publish her poems in magazines until 1978, making her, in effect, America's oldest celebrated younger poet. The combination of a beginner's vivacity with the longer view afforded by age gives her work an unusual tone and texture. Poets often master a style before they have much to say with it, but this, obviously, has not been the case with Clampitt. Years of travel, reading, political activism and an intense engagement with nature have given her an abundance of content, while a flair for adventurous diction animates her style. In her best poems amplitude and energy are confidently mated.

Like the Chippendale top on the A.T.&T. skyscraper, Clampitt's poetry engages artistic modes more sensuous and humane than those of hard-line modernism. Minimalists will be dismayed by her unflagging verbiage, her page-long sentences, her pageants of imagery which parade from stanza to stanza. She is hard to quote compactly. "Low Tide at Schoodic" starts with a view of the sea "pomaded into vast blue curls/fit for the Sun King," then describes how "Boulders/smothered in a fur of barnacles/become a slum, a barrio/of hardened wigwams," and finally points out "Spruces,/turreted above the ledge," which

> lodge in the downdraft
> of their precarious stairwells
> a warbler who, all nerves tuned to
> alarums, dapper in a yellow domino,
> a noose of dark about his throat,
> appends his anxious signature—
> a wiry wheeze,
> a blurred flute note.

A social allegory is latent in these images. That well-dressed bird sounds the anxious note of the upper classes who fear the "alarums" which may break out among the downtrodden when they have had enough of what the poem calls "the hobnails/of a murderous indifference." The decorative "noose of dark" may be a portent of the dapper bird's destiny: the heirs of the Sun King went to the guillotine. What is most admirable about the poem is its deft communication of two levels of meaning: it can be enjoyed as an evocation of place as well as a social comment.

Clampitt has reminded many readers of Marianne Moore, and it's easy to see why. Both poets have a fondness for extended syntax and hyphenated modifiers and a penchant for mingling intuitive fantasy with scientific precision. Both know and write about animals and plants (Clampitt worked for the Audubon Society for several years). Their real affinity, though, lies in their willingness to derive ethical implications from the natural habitats they describe so scrupulously. When they succeed, the ethical import seems to emerge from the scene, rather than appearing imposed from without. Of course, there are differences: Clampitt is less detached from her material than Moore and is often overtly autobiographical in a way the older poet never was.

As the example of "Low Tide at Schoodic" suggests, description of place is a major concern of Clampitt's even while some other theme is being developed. Her stronger poems are chiefly those which conform to this pattern. "Black Buttercups," a childhood memory of despair at moving from one home to another, might have been a diffuse lament were it not for the sharp rendering of the place left behind. As it is, Clampitt is able to make this early dislocation a potent symbol of the greater exile to come: the child's entry into "the gray world of adulthood." England, Manhattan, the Midwest, the Maine coast, all offer scenes that respond to Clampitt's delicate mingling of description and meditation, her unpretentious moralizing of landscape.

The title poem, "What the Light Was Like," stands out even in such distinguished company. An elegy for a Maine lobsterman who died of a stroke while out on his boat, the poem proceeds like a vast, slow wave, offering a luminous panorama of the lobsterman's village and the coastal waters he fished; it concludes with shattering impact, like a comber smashing itself to bits on the beach. The poetic imagination which has been able to encompass all the changes of light on the water, all the hum and bustle of the coastal flora and fauna, comes up against the ultimate blankness, the loss of all imagery in contemplating an instant transition from life to death:

> when the blood roared, overflowing
> its cerebral sluiceway,
> and the iridescence
>
> of his last perception, charring, gave
> way to unreversed,
> irrevocable dark

This piece adds its unforgettable scenes to the American tradition of sublime landscape, and also manages to serve as a memorable elegy—unusual and even intimidating in its avoidance of conventional consolations. This may well be Amy Clampitt's best poem, exhibiting her range of feeling and technique in fullest measure.

There are, of course, poems in both her books which fall short of her best. Often trouble arises from her persistent recourse to literary allusion. Clampitt obviously explores the world of books with the same ardor she lavishes on the world of nature, but the literary materials are less easy for her to assimilate; worse, they may actively distract us from her theme. "Bertie Goes Hunting," an otherwise charming poem about a cat, is derailed by an allusion to a Robert Frost poem on an entirely different subject. Another poem, about the demolition of a building, begins with ponderous levity: "Something there is that doesn't/love a Third Avenue tenement." Such moments are awkward; one thinks of a production of *Aida* in which the singers are upstaged by the elephants. Clampitt's grasp of tone and proportion slackens when she allows other authors to obtrude. The centrally placed sequence, "Voyages: A Homage to John

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Keats," seems to me uncompelling, muffled as it is by tedious devotion to sources. These eight poems are centered less in Keats's poetry than in his biography; they trace his brief career in a subdued, solemn, documentary manner from which Clampitt's customary inventiveness is largely absent. The subtitle might better have been "A Homage to Walter Jackson Bate." When, in the final poem, Clampitt links Keats with Hart Crane, Wallace Stevens and Osip Mandelstam, we can only wish that someone would steal her library card.

While bookishness is the major blemish I note in Clampitt's poetry, I can imagine other objections to it. The opulent vocabulary is sometimes cloying; even in the case of "Black Buttercups," which I admire greatly, I find myself wondering if it is desirable to meet on a single page the words "eldritch" and "pullulating." The same doubts arise concerning syntax: sometimes the straggle of dependent clauses can send even an alert reader on an irritating search for the subject or predicate. And in regard to the overall design of the book, Clampitt might be thought to be prone to redundancy. In the present volume, one good poem about a razed building, "Vacant Lot with Tumbleweed and Pigeons," is not enhanced by being accompanied by two slighter pieces on the same topic.

Clampitt's critics, finding so much to praise, have understandably tended to ignore her weaker performances. To me it seems worthwhile to study her flaws, for they are so intriguingly allied to her virtues that they help define the power and limits of her style. Weighing her better poems against those which, like the Keats sequence, misfire, I found myself thinking of Keats's often-quoted letter of February 27, 1818: "I think Poetry should surprise by a fine excess and not by Singularity—it should strike the Reader as a wording of his own highest thoughts, and appear almost a Remembrance." One need not be a minimalist to ask, When does a fine excess become an ungoverned welter—an instance of what Keats calls singularity, discouraging rather than welcoming to a reader who wishes to recognize "his own highest thoughts" in the poet's words? There is, of course, no rule of thumb; we can only attempt to judge each performance as it comes. Clampitt herself alludes to this letter in "High Culture":

> Such show
> of breeding, such an excess
> of cultivation, all but asks us
> to stop breathing too until
> it's over.

Her ostensible subject here is a blossoming amaryllis, but she must be thinking of Keats's further prescription for poetry: "Its touches of Beauty should never be half way thereby making the reader breathless instead of content." It would appear from this poem that she knows she treads on dangerous ground, and it is a tribute to her skill that her missteps are relatively few.

Excess is usually regarded as an expression of artistic decadence, but it is just as often a side effect of artistic precocity. Amy Clampitt's poetry is infused with youthful vitality and her faults seem to me to be those of precocity. Many poets over 60 would give a great deal to be so precocious again, or for the first time. It will be interesting to see just how her talent matures. Meanwhile Keats, who was not without precocity, provides, in the letter I have been quoting, a necessary coda to all prescriptions for writing poems, including his own: "It is easier to think what Poetry should be than to write it." □

The Media Maven

BOB HALL

HELMS AND HUNT: The North Carolina Senate Race, 1984. *By William D. Snider. The University of North Carolina Press. 215 pp. Paperback $9.50.*

Television is Jesse Helms's best friend. He may rail against the "blatant bias of the liberal press," but his skill with the electronic media, in combination with the vast sums of money he has raised from old and New Right donors, has made Helms the national force he is today. His recent crusade against CBS only brings into focus his longstanding fascination with using the airwaves to manipulate public behavior.

William D. Snider's fast-paced chronicle of the 1984 North Carolina Senate race between Helms and then-Gov. James Hunt provides ample evidence for this conclusion. The book is particularly valuable for detailing the important moments in the lives of two leaders who embody far-reaching changes in the region and nation. It avoids direct analysis of such topics as the antidemocratic role of money in modern politics or the influence of Sun Belt prosperity and Dixie alienation on the emergence of a two-party South. But Snider's graceful, evenhanded reporting provides the backdrop for exploring many provocative topics, including Helms's political use of the media.

Bob Hall is a writer for the Institute of Southern Studies. The organization's detailed analysis of the Helms-Hunt race is available from Southern Exposure, Box 531, Durham, NC 27702.

Helms first ventured into statewide politics in 1950, while he was a news commentator for WRAL, a Raleigh radio station. When Willis Smith came in second in the primary and seemed unlikely to call for a run-off election, Helms says he "went on the radio telling folks that supporters ought to get to [Smith's] house and encourage him to run." The rally drew several hundred people, and an invigorated Smith went on to defeat incumbent Senator Frank Porter Graham after a smear campaign which included the distribution of handbills with a doctored photograph of Graham's wife dancing with a black man. Helms, then 29, went to Washington as Smith's administrative assistant. (Hoover Adams, the press secretary for the Smith campaign and now a newspaper publisher in Dunn, North Carolina, is the man who got the list of CBS stockholders for Helms's Fairness in Media operation.)

In 1972, the electronic media proved decisive in Helms's own bid for a Senate seat. For a dozen years, he had delivered WRAL-TV's nightly *Viewpoint*, attacking Social Security "handouts," the United Nations, "shiftless Negroes," "socialized medicine," the "moral degenerates" led by Martin Luther King Jr., the "liberal media" and Walter Cronkite, whom he called "a hysterical crybaby." His programs were rebroadcast over seventy radio stations and printed in some 200 newspapers in the state, giving him enough of a following to defeat Nick Galifianakis, whom Helms's supporters tagged as soft on communism and "not one of us."

Four years later, Helms and Tom El-

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lis, his top political adviser, mounted a television advertising blitz to engineer a victory for Ronald Reagan in North Carolina's 1976 Presidential primary. Reagan had lost four previous primaries and seemed a fading light on the national political scene. Four years later, Helms explained his pivotal role to reporters: "I shall always be pleased that North Carolina kept the Reagan candidacy alive in 1976. Had it not been for North Carolina then, Ronald Reagan would not be the President-elect tonight." The new President would be only a "telephone call away," Helms chortled, because "he knows what we did for him."

In 1980, the Helms-Ellis electronic advertising team helped replace Senator Robert Morgan with an unknown political science professor named John East. A torrent of thirty-second advertisements condemned Morgan's votes to cancel the B-1 bomber, "give away our Panama Canal" and send millions to "the Marxist regime in Nicaragua." Morgan, who had been named the most conservative Democrat in Congress in 1980 by the American Conservative Union, lost by a scant 10,000 votes.

In Helms's 1984 race against Jim Hunt, television once again played a central role. Twenty months before election day, the Senator began his barrage of ads designed, said Ellis, "to dim the glow of Hunt's image as a saint." Like the 1950 Senate smear campaign, the ads linked Helms's enemy to blacks and Northern liberals, frequently adding "homosexuals and militant feminists" for good measure; they also portrayed Hunt as "wishy-washy" on key issues like school prayer and abortion. Nearly every one ended with the announcer asking, "Where do you stand, Jim?" After the Democratic convention, a new series of ads saddled Hunt with Mondale's promised tax hike. And, as if to answer the question posed by the previous series, each new ad ended with the tag line, "Jim Hunt, a Mondale liberal." Hunt, who supports school prayer, the death penalty and "right-to-work" laws, and opposes a nuclear freeze, was unable to blunt the ads' effectiveness. Jesse Helms won by 86,000 votes, with 2.2 million cast.

In his effort to understand the twenty-month campaign which *Newsweek* called "the most colorful, expensive, and nasty Senate contest in the country," Snider goes back to the protagonists' upbringing and early careers.

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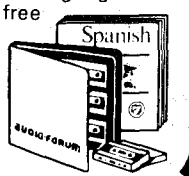

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That two men who share the same rural and religious roots can be so different ought to put an end to simple-minded stereotypes about redneck Southern politicians. Helms, born in 1921 and raised during the Depression, is the son of Union County's six-foot-five-inch deputy sheriff and fire chief. His family's values were authoritarian, chauvinistic and evangelical. "All the people around me emphasized working and saving and personal responsibility," Helms recalls. "They spelled out in one way or another the uniqueness of America." In contrast, Hunt's family emphasized "the Protestant ethic of the Marsh Swamp Free Will Baptist Church and the political ethic of Franklin Roosevelt." His father was a Federal soil conservationist in the heart of the state's tobacco country; his mother worked as a teacher and librarian. "Our parents stressed public service as the only honorable way to pursue life," remembers his brother. Snider sums up Hunt as "a model student, a Mr. Clean teenager of the Eisenhower fifties—confident, idealistic and intense."

While Helms dropped out of college to work as a journalist, Hunt went to law school and embarked on a career in the Democratic Party. In 1972, the year Helms entered the Senate on the anti-McGovern bandwagon and North Carolina elected its first Republican governor of the century, Hunt won a relatively easy race for that state's lieutenant governorship. At 35 he became presiding officer of the State Senate and the top elected Democrat in North Carolina. The contrast between Helms the polarizer and Hunt the coalescer gained immediate notice. As one political veteran has observed:

> Both Helms and Hunt are essentially moralistic. But there is a difference. Helms thinks all the nation's ills come from moral deviations. Hunt is clean as a whistle himself, but he separates morality and the law. He wouldn't go as far as trying to force his personal views on others. And he knows that all politics involves the art of compromise.

In the Senate, Helms quickly mastered the parliamentary techniques to force votes. "We need to organize conservatives into a more coherent structure," he said—a structure that would include "not only our trusty band of ideological conservatives" but also citizens concerned with such issues as "pornography, the right to life, school textbooks, community control of schools, and economic interests." From Helms's office sprang Terry Dolan's NCPAC, Howard Phillips's Conservative Caucus and a multitude of foundations that serviced Helms's ultraconservative domestic and foreign policy initiatives.

Meanwhile, Hunt became governor and concentrated on improving education and on modernizing state agencies to attract Northern investment. Although not afraid of new ideas or of setting his own agenda, Hunt was "constantly protecting his right flank," according to Snider. He cultivated a personal style that, according to one newspaper, "smooths over differences, offers a little something for everyone, takes the middle and least offensive course wherever possible." As a consequence, his program to put volunteer reading aides in classrooms took precedence over salary hikes for schoolteachers; he paid more attention to recruiting high-tech firms than to pushing for tougher health-and-safety laws. In the final legislative session before the Senate race, Hunt narrowed his goals to a single anti-drunk driving bill that rallied his religious and law-and-order constituency.

When the Senate race came around, Hunt's "cautious pragmatism" had left him vulnerable to Helms's charge that he flip-flopped on issues and unprepared for Helms's media campaign, which nearly leveled the governor's twenty-point lead in opinion polls in the space of a year. Hunt held his own in televised debates and, in his speeches, effectively contrasted his record of delivering more jobs, better schools and good roads with Helms's fascination with fringe issues. But a poorly conceived series of TV commercials allowed Helms to take control of the race. Hunt "failed to find a coherent campaign theme," concludes Snider, "a simple and specific motif."

Snider's detailed account of the campaign tracks a number of national and local factors that also contributed to Helms's victory—among them, the coattail effect of the Reagan landslide, the unity of the state Republican Party and divisions among the Democrats. But his lack of attention to the inner workings of either campaign or to analysis of the electorate's attitudes gives his book a journalistic flatness. The lack of investigative depth also leaves Snider unable to explain why a knee-jerk reactionary could defeat the darling of the Southern Democrats. At the heart of Helms's success is a well-oiled fund-raising machine which gives him and his associates the power to overwhelm rational political discourse with a hot-tempered morality play which they can manipulate for mass appeal—and for more money.

Helms's message is "pre-political," his aide Jim Lucier told Elizabeth Drew in an insightful 1981 *New Yorker* article. Through both his fund-raising letters and television ads, Lucier explains, Helms bypasses the rational filter of journalists and mainstream policymakers to project

> principles that have been around for thousands of years: The family as the basis of social organization. Faith in the transcendent world—that God is the creator of this world that we live in and there is a higher meaning than materialism. Property as a fundamental human right—the idea that your home is your castle.

For a dozen years, Helms's organization has been experimenting with the most effective techniques for communicating these themes to targeted audiences of contributors and voters who will stand with him against the liberal assault on God, family, property and American pride. Helms raised $16.2 million for his 1984 campaign, compared to Hunt's $9.7 million. With these funds, the Senator could finance the elaborate media campaign that transformed the promised showdown between the Old and New South into a referendum on liberalism.

Most commentators suggest that the people who bankroll Helms are the same New Right fanatics who oppose abortion and promote school prayer. But the success of Helms's money-making machine demonstrates his remarkable merging of old right tactics and ideology with the moralistic rhetoric and computerized sophistication of the New Right. Indeed, the old and New Right blend together in Helms more than in any other national politician. An exhaustive investigation conducted by the Institute for Southern Studies identified the economic and political interests of 93 percent of the 1,800 individuals who gave $1,000 to $2,000 (the limit allowed in Federal elections) to either Helms or Hunt through June 1984. It revealed ties between scores of Helms's contributors and the network of old right groups that flourished in the 1950s and 1960s. These

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donors are less concerned with moral issues than with their own economic interests. They are opposed to unions, welfare and government regulation. Most are active or retired entrepreneurs, owners of family businesses, producers of goods rather than services. By contrast, 64 percent of the Hunt supporters studied are white-collar professionals in real estate, law, finance, trade, communications or other service industries.

Many of Helms's donors are over 70, and for decades they have backed old right groups dedicated to protecting private property and shielding white Christians from domestic and international threats. These organizations range from the militantly racist and anti-Semitic to those that specialize in union busting; they include the Liberty Lobby, the John Birch Society, Gerald L.K. Smith's Christian Nationalist Crusade, the National Right-to-Work Committee, Fred Schwartz's Christian Anti-Communist Crusade, Billy James Hargis's Christian Crusade, the Ku Klux Klan and the Southern States Industrial Council.

The significance of the dollars that come from these people is not lost on Helms. He needs their money to finance his direct-mail enterprise and efforts like his Fairness in Media campaign against CBS; they need him as a national spokesman to rally their racist and free-enterprise cause at home and abroad and to broaden its base within the New Right. As the self-proclaimed "point man" for right-wing America, Helms repudiates none of his followers. He champions all their special causes and helps legitimize them as actors on the stage of national politics.

Jesse Helms is not yet chair of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, nor is he seriously mentioned as a Presidential candidate for 1988. But his ability to raise unprecedented amounts of money from a nationwide constituency has established a place at the highest levels of national politics for a right-wing extremist to shape policy and public debate. Even those conservatives who might criticize his grandstanding as an ineffective vehicle for political power are slow to do so. If Helms pauses from his pet projects to join them in the fight against the Panama Canal treaty or to insure a Republican-controlled Senate after 1986 or the election as President of Jack Kemp in 1988, he brings millions of dollars and the Ellis-Helms propaganda machine to their cause.

A two-year-old Federal Election Commission investigation of the Congressional Club and its media arm, Jefferson Marketing, may eventually expose an illegal flow of money and personnel among these groups. But don't expect Helms to abandon his cash-conscious brand of political opportunism. He is, after all, a free-enterprise politician in the business of taking big risks for high stakes, as his crusade against CBS attests. The Congressional Club–Jefferson Marketing complex employs nearly 200 people, and it constantly needs new causes to keep millions coming in month after month.

Three weeks before the election, Tom Ellis told a reporter in a rambling diatribe against the demonic liberal media: "I just wish we had $2 million to beat up on the press." Two months later, the Ellis-Helms partnership launched their holy war against CBS as a calculated gamble to bring in that money, as well as to escalate their propaganda offensive to a national level by targeting a force they know a great deal about—the electronic media. Whether or not Helms succeeds in changing CBS's management, his aggressive campaign is a fitting next step in his determined effort to promote what Snider calls the Senator's potent mixture of "flamboyant fundamentalist religion and belligerent ultraconservative economics." □

Thinking Aloud

DAVID CAUTE

WAITING: The Whites of South Africa. *By Vincent Crapanzano. Random House. 358 pp. $19.95.*

An intrepid American anthropologist and ethnographer has survived a year among the primitive white tribespeople in a fruit farming valley north of Cape Town. His brilliant report confirms that although they occasionally travel to Europe, their minds remain locked into a self-serving mythology about their own history, their God-given identity and their long struggle on the laager against Everyone Else. Everyone else includes the Zulus, the arrogant British, the coloreds, the Indians, Jimmy Carter, the African National Congress, blacks in general, the international communist conspiracy (antichrist), the United Nations and the diabolical boycotters who have frozen South Africa out of international sport. For this reason the white South Africans studied here are deeply attached to the trials and tribulations of the Israelites in the Old Testament, and are inclined to claim a direct inheritance.

Vincent Crapanzano, a professor of anthropology and comparative literature at Queens College, calls the valley village in which he settled Wyndal. He describes it as "stubbornly European" in appearance, "a sort of restless cross between a Norman orchard and a Burgundian vineyard, a Dutch village and an Alpine valley, especially when the mountaintops are covered with snow." The farms are owned by whites but the work is performed by coloreds who, according to their employers, are feckless, improvident, lacking in a sense of time and given to drinking too much cheap Cape wine. There are very few blacks in the western Cape.

Wyndal was no doubt a pleasant place for Crapanzano to settle, to listen and to observe; a hospitable community sympathetic to the anthropologist's project; a world anxious to explain itself. Wyndal is not the spiritual heartland of white South Africa. That lies to the north, among the *verkrampte* farmers of the Transvaal and the black-hating mine workers of the Rand. Nevertheless, the Wyndal valley did afford Crapanzano a rare test tube in which to study the tense chemistry of the two white clans, the Afrikaners and the English, and he took full advantage of it.

The Afrikaners have dominated South African politics ever since Daniel Malan's victory over Jan Smuts in 1948. Licking their wounds and retreating before the Afrikaner *Kulturkampf*, the English-speaking whites have withdrawn from politics and concentrated on business and the professions. They keep to themselves, distrust intermarriage, make little effort to learn Afrikaans, carry two passports when they can, dream of old England (now, alas, a sinking ship overrun by black immi-

David Caute is the author of The Great Fear *(Simon & Schuster) and* Under the Skin: The Death of White Rhodesia *(Northwestern University Press).*

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grants) and are poised for departure when the rising comes. The Afrikaners despise them as opportunists and are in turn despised as wooden-headed bigots who have given genteel, discreet white rule a bad name through the clumsy indiscretions of apartheid.

The title, *Waiting*, is appropriate. As Crapanzano points out, the whites of South Africa "wittingly or unwittingly . . . wait for something, anything, to happen. They are caught in the peculiar, the paralytic, time of waiting." For them the present is always secondary to the future, and therefore denuded of creative force, a time frozen with expectation of the day of reckoning. Whether the same sense of suspense has its counterpart within the black and colored communities Crapanzano cannot tell us for he was refused permission to pursue his investigation among the nonwhites. This is a serious deficiency in the book and I suspect Crapanzano has too deftly made a virtue out of necessity.

Blacks are not physically present in Wyndal but they weigh on the white psyche day and night:

> "The Blacks are barbarians, uncivilized, raw," one Afrikaner woman in Wyndal told me. "They can become professors and doctors but there is always something lacking. . . . It is in the blood. . . . It is a question of breeding and background. My son is in the permanent forces, in South West Africa. [Namibia]. He says, 'You can take a Black man from the bush but you can't take the bush from the Black man.' "

And immediately one notices the contradiction characteristic of the extended monologue in white South Africa: it's "in the blood" but it's also "a question of breeding and background." But which? Towards the black the whites feel a multitude of ambivalences; he is a noble, dignified fellow whom you can "respect" (a ubiquitous term); he is a primitive savage in the thrall of witch-doctors and ancestor worship and will cut your throat at the first opportunity. In short the whites project their guilt and contradictions onto their fluctuating image of "your Black"; and when they speculate about the awful future they sometimes allow themselves to wonder: "Suppose they treat us as we have treated them?"

But how does one reconcile the doctrine of evolution with the inviolable Old Testament as propounded by the Dutch Reformed Church whose Dominees form the spiritual spine of apartheid? An old Afrikaner explained to Crapanzano that God created the white man in a day but that blacks are the product of evolution. They are descended from baboons. And how they breed! You can't educate such numbers: "We can't cope. It's impossible." They riot, too, and they fight one another, so blame the hoodlums of the townships, the *skollies*.

But here again the contradiction intervenes: each dogmatic pronouncement, delivered as if it were old wine matured in the barrel of long and bitter experience, is merely a phrase in an agonized thinking-aloud. Jakobus Steyn, the valley's doctor, tells Crapanzano that if foreigners would only give South Africa a chance there would be no trouble, adding:

> There would be riots, for sure. They are occurring all over the world. Where races clash, you are bound to have problems. When a lower class aspires to be white—tries to become civilized in a year—you're going to have violence. If I were a Black man, I suppose I would want everything the white man has.

Again the tortured stream of consciousness, the assured journey into the void.

Steyn and his kind watch the outside world with a kind of frenzied *Schadenfreude*, noting with deep satisfaction every race riot in Britain and the United States, every tribal massacre north of the Limpopo. Didn't America slaughter its Indians? Didn't the Australians exterminate the Aborigines? How can you condemn us for Soweto when you have the South Bronx? The South African listens avidly to tales about mugging, rape and riot in the countries that sanctimoniously condemn him; his wife returns from London and announces it's not safe to travel on the underground (the white women of Rhodesia also came home brimming with such tales). The hypocritical foreigners, observing South Africa from a "balcony," are full of advice but offer no solutions: "Why don't they put their own houses in order?"

"You can't change things overnight!" This is the perennial defense. The Afrikaner is devoted to his own long history, to the Great Trek, the heroic commandos of the Boer War, the terrible decimation of women and children in British concentration camps, the humiliating struggle against British superiority and the English language, but despite this sense of history he remains convinced that the history of black liberation began only yesterday. So, "You can't change things overnight!"

In the meantime whites wrestle with desperate blueprints and imaginary fancy franchises, just as their counterparts did in Rhodesia. Their minds are full of improbable schemes for separate white "homelands," for voting systems based on property and education, for excluding the poorest 5 percent of whites from the voters' polls as the price for buying off the wealthiest 4 or 5 percent of blacks. Anything to fend off reality, any escape from the inexorable advance of majority rule which has now reached the Limpopo.

It should not be imagined that all the voices in Crapanzano's narrative are stupid or bigoted. On the contrary, some of his witnesses display subtlety and sensitivity; a few even steal the anthropologist's thunder by offering him existentialist analyses. And the voices are serious, male and female, English and Afrikaner, churchmen's and farmers', old and young, insular and widely traveled. One Jewish woman of central European and English background, devoted to Zionism and to the Black Sash movement among liberal white women, is particularly fascinating.

Interspersed with the voices are Cra-

BREAKING AND ENTERING

No big deal, locking ourselves
out of the house your first
night back. But that quickly
we were trapped in allegory,
Despair totting up a locksmith's
overtime, Hope checking for loose
latches. Thank God for the window
we should have fixed months ago.
You pried the screen off, almost
Disappointed. I was un-
flaggingly Jaunty climbing in.
For all that, it was a lovely moment,
knocking the peppermill into the cat
food, trying to keep my knees
out of the bacon grease. I know,
I can't have it both ways. Did this
crime mean anything or not?
I think we were both passionately
afraid, but even small emergencies
are a chance to be brave. Our lives
are no mystery: we could pawn
the loaded gun instead of firing it.
We broke, we entered. May that be
enough violence to hold us fast.

Sharon Bryan

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panzano's background commentaries on various themes. They are well done but the book suffers from a tension between the author's desire to provide an overview and his desire to let the subjects speak for themselves. This problem arises, perhaps, because *Waiting* lacks a narrative action of its own. Its characters are frozen by the very act of the interview, abstracted from the motions of daily life, trapped into recasting themselves as witnesses. Thus the outer stasis of white South Africa, paralyzed by an unknowable future, is reinforced by the inner stasis of the interviewer's encounters with his subjects. *Waiting* is nevertheless an absorbing book, beautifully written and related with a restraint that only sharpens its hideous message. □

FILMS.

ANDREW KOPKIND

The Goonies

News from the national *auteur* observatory high in the Hollywood hills is that comet Spielberg is plunging precipitously into the darker regions of infantilism, from whose bourn few producers ever successfully return. Other summers have been lit like noon with Spielberg's wonders: *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, *E.T.*, *Poltergeist*. The magic was in their sophisticated use of children's fantasies to express emotional escape and cultural commentary at the same time—summer camp for a crossover constituency of universal proportions.

But time is long and art is fleeting, and Spielberg's current effort, *The Goonies*, is almost completely lacking in wit, edge, ear and eye. It is set in the familiar confines of American suburbia—this time on the Oregon coast—where the children of the Spielbourgeoisie make their own community apart from the adult world of careers, divorce, repression and urban development. As usual, Dad is absent and Mom is overextended. There are enough modern gadgets to fill a Sears catalogue, and junk food is staple fare. So what else is new?

The kids here have institutionalized their activities into a kind of preteen commune they call the Goonies, whose project is the perpetration of inane pranks. The lineup looks like a combination of an old Frank Capra war

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movie ("I want four volunteers: Murphy, Kowalski, Martini and Schmidt") and *The Little Rascals*. There's the fat Jewish kid, the ingenious Oriental, the motormouth, the WASPy dreamer: just what you'd expect. On the periphery is an adolescent hunk-in-training and the airhead cheerleader he'd like to be his girlfriend.

Ordinarily the Goonies restrict their pranks to breaking the penis off a statuette of Michaelangelo's "David" or calling the police with fake reports of Iranian terrorism, but now they're on the trail of pirate treasure and unwittingly implicated with a family of Italian bank robbers, the Fratelli brothers (get it?). In the course of their adventures, they encounter a curious collection of devices from previous Spielberg movies: boulders that block the entrances to caves, elaborate booby traps, water slides, narrow ledges and bats. Yet another group of greedy developers is subplotting to destroy the neighborhood, and as ever the authorities are stupid, stubborn and heedless of the children's dreams.

Whether it was a conscious decision or a mindless move to slip from sophistication to pure sentimentalism, Spielberg's trajectory is bound to have some cultural consequences. Sophistication, after all, is a political stance. It represents the artful rearrangement of life in a way that reveals its contradictions. *Poltergeist*, which is not Spielberg's most popular film but in many ways his most complex and disturbing, displayed a marvelous mixture of Freudian fears and consumer fetishes and had a lot to say about the contemporary family even as the ghosts were growling and the lightning flashing. *Gremlins* was less intricate and more arch, but it elaborated the same themes.

The Goonies is radically regressive. Spielberg's story and Chris Columbus's screenplay remove all the bite and the bitterness that gave those other movies their interest and intelligence. Richard Donner's direction is flat, lifeless despite the occasional flurries of activity and hopelessly unsyncopated—all hop and no hip. The only bright spot in the dull picture is Anne Ramsey, who plays Mama Fratelli like a drag queen in the corner candy store. At one point she threatens to blend the fat kid's fingers with the makings of spaghetti sauce in an Osterizer. Her sons demur. "Press 'purée'!" she bellows. Too bad Spielberg took that advice. □

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FOOTNOTE ON AN HISTORIC CASE: IN RE ALGER HISS. William A. Reuben identifies 114 factual errors in the Federal District Court of New York's 1982 decision *upholding Hiss's conviction for perjury in 1950.* This flawed decision, upheld by the U.S. Supreme Court in 1983, stands as the last legal word on one of the most celebrated cases in modern history. 1 copy $5, 10 copies $40, 50 copies $150, 100 copies $250. Make checks payable to The Nation Institute and send to "Hiss," The Nation Institute, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

SKEPTICAL INQUIRER quarterly, introductory price $12.95. Entertaining, skeptical analyses of paranormal claims. N, Box 229, Buffalo, NY 14215.

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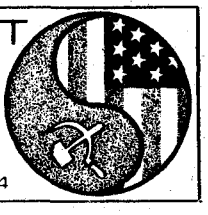

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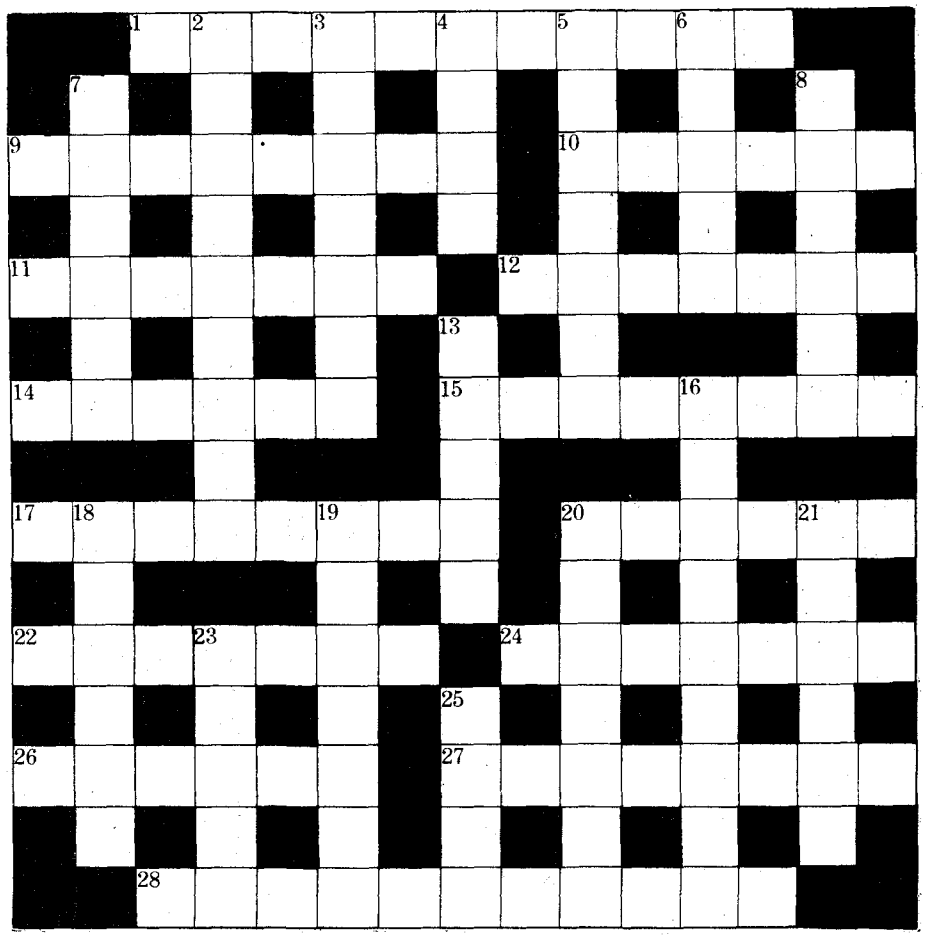

ACROSS

1 Indiscriminate actions when a college dance is taking a turn in the town. (11)
9 A platitude emanating from the judge, more common in the shop. (5,3)
10 Proving that art and sex can be mixed, since a great many of them appear in film. (6)
11, 12 and 15 Implying the celestial origin of light, according to Burton? (A couple, when perfect, might elicit such a remark.) (7,3,4,2,6)
14, 22 and 27 Implying it takes copper to produce reflections. (1,5,3,4,8)
15 See 11
17 Regular attendant of the early G.O.P. (One probably knows many stages.) (8)
20 The air might be—and one hopes the net might prove so. (6)
22 See 14
24 Sinatra shows a real craftsman is involved. (7)
26 Secure way to make things safe. (6)
27 See 14
28 One might be on it if they don't care for you at first. (7,4)

DOWN

2 The air reminds one of such a hobo mountain, it's so sweet. (4,5)
3 May get around when the rest is disturbed, but shows complete domination. (7)
4 Held together in all directions. (4)
5 Makes a run the hard way—dig? (7)
6 Makes a fetish out of a motet, evidently. (5)
7 Concerning someone like Theda Bara in the old days, one could do things over like this. (6)
8 On the old machines, did one play music by this—as the name of the composer suggests? (6)
13 Spire destroyed to make material for the bridge? (5)
16 Compresses a stormy sea around a lot of fish, as they say. (9)
18 A good one might hope to see a good one. (6)
19 This is rich! (7)
20 The auto turnover is responsible for many wonderland effects. (7)
21 What do you find around good pictures? Hey there! It's an enthusiastic description! (6)
23 It comes back with accuracy, if you take the wrong car out of the plant. (5)
25 Laurel, perhaps, seen in the distance. (4)

SEE LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION AT LEFT

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